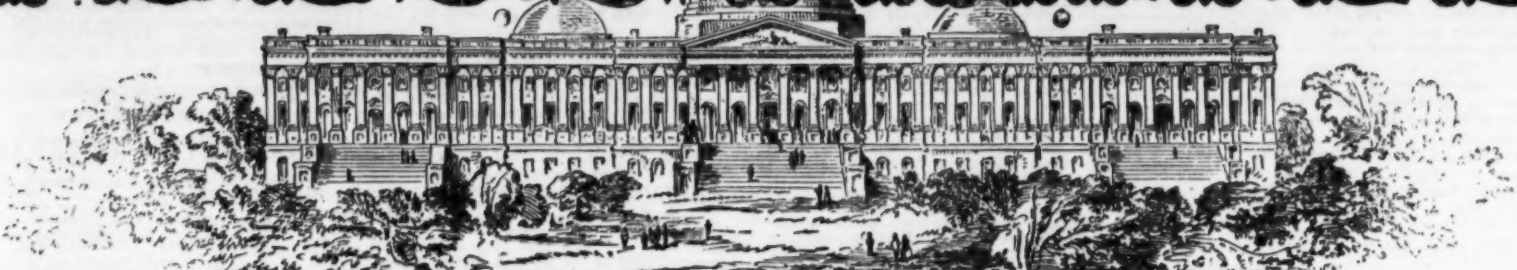


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AND ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, PRINCESS OF WALES.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY MATTEI, REGENT STREET, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 24.



## THE ROYAL WEDDING IN ENGLAND.

The great poet of the Anglo-Saxons said truly, "The whirligig of time brings its revenges;" for, after a thousand years, the descendants of the Saxon Alfred and the Danish Canute blend their lives and loves together, and wait with a filial and loving patience their turn to ascend the throne of England. To come nearer to our own day, we find the hostile visit of Nelson, breathing fire and slaughter, returned by the fair-haired Alexandra, breathing love, and bearing in her hand the torch of Hymen. There is something strangely suggestive in this reunion of the future king of a people whose early race was so strongly impregnated with the same blood which now flows in the veins of the present bride. But as Tennyson has gracefully touched upon this theme in another part of our paper, we leave our readers to pursue the question with him. In obedience to the natural curiosity felt by every class of our citizens, we devote a large portion of our present paper to the marriage of our recent guest, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark—a nation which has always shown a cordial feeling to our Republic.

## The Portraits.

The last number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER contained excellent likenesses of the youthful pair, taken last September, just after their betrothal. We now present exact transcripts of the very latest photographs, made by Mayall of London, who is *par excellence* the photographer of royalty and celebrity. We are assured by a Danish gentleman, who has been accustomed to see the princess from her early youth, that our present likeness is admirable for its spirit and fidelity.

## Arrival of the Bride in England.

The yacht Victoria and Albert was built expressly for the Queen and Prince Albert, and is fitted up more for comfort than splendor. So admirably is it arranged that, when the Empress of Austria was ordered to Madeira, it was placed at her disposal, and in it cheerfully accepted. It has also had the pleasure of bringing over to England the fair Princess of Denmark. After a pleasant run from Copenhagen it steamed into the mouth of the River Thames on the evening of the 6th of March, and anchored at the Nore. Early next morning the yacht arrived at Gravesend, a town 41 miles from London, situated on the south bank of the river, and immediately opposite the far-famed Port of Tilbury, where three centuries ago the lion-hearted Elizabeth marshaled her forces to resist the Spanish Armada. The London Times thus chronicles the interesting event:

## Landing at Gravesend.

At early dawn crowds of people in their holiday attire, and with faces as joyous as though it were their own wedding day, instead of the mere reception of a foreign lady, gathered in the streets, with a strong determination of populace towards the pier where the young Danish Princess was to land. The day broke auspiciously, the sun shining with a splendor seldom seen in March. The river was literally covered with boats of every size and description, decorated with the Danish colors, and filled with happy pleasure-seekers and sympathizers. Shortly before noon the royal yacht was descried in the distance, dressed in flags from stem to stern, with the Prince of Wales's banner and the royal flag of Denmark both hoisted at the main. In her wake followed the volunteer escort of steamers, and craft of all kinds, cheering and shouting, ringing bells and waving handkerchiefs as though they were demented. At last the yacht reached the pier, and the Princess came on deck, and was immediately recognized. Then arose a shout of welcome which made the welkin ring as loudly as when the King of Denmark was landed in the hall of Hamlet's father.

## How the Princess Looked.

The dress of a pretty woman is always interesting, more especially when she is on the brink of matrimony. We shall therefore describe it, despite the affected shrugs of those sham republicans who ignore human nature, from a sheer ignorance of all humanity and true democracy of soul. The young Alexandra was dressed entirely in white, with the exception of a few light-colored flowers in her bonnet, and wore what appeared to be a very warm white shawl. Her color was heightened by the nervous excitement; but there was an expression of delighted astonishment at the heartiness of her reception, which was unmistakable, and she looked every minute nervously to her mother as though directing her attention to the extraordinary enthusiasm visible on all sides. At this minute her father, Prince Christian, with her two brothers, Prince Waldemar and Prince Frederick, came up to her, and it was evident from their manner that they were as much surprised and delighted as she was.

## The Prince of Wales meets his Bride.

The yacht was now fastened to the pier, so that it seemed like a part of the street. At this minute the 60 young ladies who had been selected to strew flowers before the bride elated themselves on each side of the path down the centre of the pier, each carrying a basket filled with the earliest flowers of spring. At twelve o'clock the Prince of Wales arrived at the gangway, and, advancing rapidly to his future wife, removed his hat and gave her the earnest hearty kiss of virtuous love in the presence of the assembled thousands. One would have thought that the good folks of England had never seen a kiss before, for such a shout went up as never before was heard at Gravesend. The Princess immediately took the Prince's arm, and, accompanied by her family, went into the cabin.

## They Land.

At a quarter past twelve the Princess reappeared upon the deck. She had changed her dress, and now wore a mauve-colored silk, with a richly embroidered violet velvet mantle, and bonnet of the same color. She took the Prince's arm, and, preceded by her suite, came on shore, amid a bewildering hurricane of cheers never before heard in Gravesend. The Mayor then presented a splendid bouquet to her, and amid the acclamations of the populace the royal party moved on to the railway station.

## Journey to London.

They arrived at the Bricklayer's Arms station at two o'clock, where they were met by that most splendid of all English regiments, the Life Guards. Entering their carriages, they soon arrived at

## London Bridge.

which had been decorated in a most costly and characteristic manner. In addition to the triumphal arch, which was one of the most imposing and tasteful ever erected, the parapets on the bridge were ornamented with statues of all the Danish Kings. Between the standards tripods were placed, in which the choicest incense was burnt.

## They enter London.

At half-past two the young object of so much tender and expensive idolatry entered the capital of her future kingdom, and the scene presented must have been a marvel and a mystery to her. Up King William street, through Cheapside, passing through St. Paul's Churchyard, then under the classic Temple Bar, off echoing the laughter of Sam Johnson and Goldsmith, they passed the Strand, till they came to that grand artery of human life,

## Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square,

where the stern moralist already named said the pulse of life beat fullest and fastest. We forbear description here, since we have on page 44 illustrated it. This is a scene of historic interest. The equestrian statue to the left is the far-famed Charles I., that on the right is that of George III., well known to all

Punch readers as the "Pigtail Statue." The building before is the Admiralty. From this point they rapidly went through Piccadilly, till Paddington station was reached at last and then off they went, amid an ovation of heart and lungs seldom heard on earth, to the castled town of Windsor.

## The Marriage Morn.

On Tuesday, March 10, the ancient town of Windsor was awake very early. On the meadows hallowed by Shakespeare's genius, thousands had assembled, and the same earnest loyalty to that enduring idea—a good woman—was everywhere manifested. The morning opened cheerless and cloudy, but towards noon the sun burst forth, and as the folks observed, "the boy had his mother's weather."

At half-past eleven o'clock, seven of the royal carriages left the castle and proceeded to St. George's Chapel. The sixth and seventh carriages, containing the brothers and sisters of the Princess Alexandra, were cordially cheered on their way to the castle. Fifteen minutes later eleven other carriages passed out, containing members of the royal family and of the Queen's household. Precisely at twelve o'clock the bridegroom's procession left the castle. At eight of the Princess Alexandra enthusiasm was redoubled. She had not the same flush of excitement on her features which was visible on the occasion of her public entry, but she looked, if possible, more charming and winsome.

## St. George's Chapel,

in which the marriage ceremony was to be performed, was opened soon after ten o'clock for the admission of those who were entitled to be present on the occasion. In the archway leading into the nave a heavy drapery of purple silk, patterned with gold, screened the interior of the temporary hall, where the guests of the Queen were received, and her majesty's great officers and royal household assembled in their order of precedence. Through rifts and openings now and then in the veil could be seen clouds of drapery and waving plumes, and glimpses could be caught of the apartments where the wedding party rested for awhile before the principal procession was formed.

## Entrance of the Royal Procession.

After waiting a long time, the sounds of "God save the Queen" are heard without, and shortly after the purple curtain is drawn back and the royal guests enter. The music ceases, and again the curtain was thrown aside, when, to the music of trumpets and drums, there enter, two by two, the royal family and the members of the Queen's household, who marched slowly up to the nave of the chapel, while the choir herald their arrival by performing "Te Deum." "Triumphal March." Soon after twelve the trumpets sound again, the drums roll, the curtain opens, and the procession of the bridegroom enters:

It may amuse our readers to see how these things are managed in royalty:

## The Bridal Procession.

The Bridegroom,  
Supported by his brother-in-law,  
The Crown Prince of Prussia, K. G., and his Uncle,  
The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K. G.,  
Followed by  
The Equerries of his Royal Highness the Bridegroom,  
The Gentlemen in attendance upon the Crown Prince of Prussia,  
Groom in Waiting to the Queen, in attendance on his Royal Highness,  
The Gentlemen in attendance upon the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,  
The Baron von Wangenheim,  
The Baron Gruben,  
M. de Schlenitz,  
Equerry to the Queen in attendance on the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,  
Colonel the Hon. Dudley C. F. de Ros.  
Once more the sound of trumpets and drums is heard; once more the curtain opens, this time to give admission to the procession of the bride:

Herald.  
Master of the Ceremonies,  
Lieut. General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K. C. B.;  
The Members of the Danish Legation,  
Mr. C. A. Gosch,  
Capt. de F. Albe,  
The Danish Minister,  
M. Torben de Bille;  
The Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household,  
The Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household,  
The Viscount Castlerosse, The Viscount Sydney.  
THE BRIDE,  
Supported by her father, Prince Christian of Denmark,  
And by the Duke of Cambridge, K. G.  
THE TRAIN OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,  
Borne by eight unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquesses and Earls:  
Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Diana Beauclerk,  
Lady Elma Bruce, Lady Victoria Howard,  
Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Agnes Yorke,  
Lady Theodore Wellesley, Lady Eleanor Hare.  
Ladies and Gentlemen in attendance upon the Bride,  
General d'Oxholm,  
Chamberlain to the King of Denmark;  
Madame d'Oxholm,  
Grand Mistress of the Court of the King of Denmark,  
Equerry to the Queen in attendance upon the Bride,  
Lieut. General the Hon. Charles Grey;  
Adjutant to Prince Christian of Denmark,  
Captain Castlenether,  
Gentlemen of the King's Chamber,  
Groom in Waiting to the Queen in attendance on Prince Christian of Denmark,  
Lieut. Colonel W. H. F. Cavendish,  
Equerries to the Duke of Cambridge,  
Col. Charles Tyrwhitt,  
Lieut. Colonel Henry Clifton.

## The Choir.

Up the centre of the chapel is a rich carpet. Near the altar is a raised dais approached by three broad steps and giving an ample platform for the accommodation of the bridal party and their royal relatives on either side. It is quite covered with a garter-blue velvet cloth, on which is worked the old heraldic Tudor rose, encircled by the motto of the Order of the Garter. On both sides, away from the space the bride and bridegroom will occupy, are crimson and gold seats with fringes and tassels of bullion for the members of the English and Danish royal families. The old oaken communion rails have been removed and their place is supplied with a low gilt railing to form a larger inclosure sufficient to accommodate the many prelates who officiate at the day's great ceremony. On the left of the altar the carved oak screen work has been removed, and is carefully piled away in the quiet old Chantry Chapel of the munificent builder of the whole structure, Sir Reginald Bray. In place of the screen are seats capable of accommodating some 30 guests of the diplomatic corps and their suites, only a few of whom can see well at all, so carefully divided and re-subdivided in every inch of space that commands any glance into the interior. Opposite this, on the right, a similar screen has been removed, and a high, wide series of draped benches substituted, reaching far back into the north aisle—so that, like the row which faces it, not many of the occupants of the back seats can see much. This is reserved exclusively for the few invited guests and friends of the royal family.

## The Knights of the Garter.

At a quarter to twelve o'clock the Knights of the Garter enter, all robed and jewelled in their almost regal costume, headed by the Premier himself. They make a noble show as they sweep up to the choir with their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white ribbons, trailing after them. After them comes the Lord Chancellor, carrying the great seal, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the Bishop of London, as Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; the Bishop of Winchester as its Prelate; the Dean of Windsor as Registrar of the Order, and the Canon and Minor Canons of the Chapel. Next come the Diplomatic Corps, who take

their places under the royal pew. Shortly afterward the

## Queen Enters,

accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the brother of the late Prince Consort.

The royal family and the attendants of both bride and bridegroom then take their places, preparatory to the marriage ceremony, each bowing to the Queen as they pass her.

The royal couple then took their places before the altar-rail in readiness for

## The Ceremony.

The choir then sang a chorale, the music of which was composed by the late Prince Consort.

As the solemn chant ended the prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the prime minister commenced the service with the usual formula. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony." There is a solemn pause after that dreadful adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage, and then, after a moment, the prime minister passed on to "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep ye only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words, "I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and therefore I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his grace, though now again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved towards the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the prime minister joined their hands, and repeated the words, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost Amen."

And then knelt down while the prayer was commencing, "O Eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, the author of everlasting life, send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name," was solemnly repeated, and then they rose, while the prime minister joined their hands and said the final words, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The service was continued to the 67th Psalm, the solemn strains were pealing softly through both nave and aisle.

While these sounds are pealing the clear and ringing notes of Madame Lind Goldschmidt again rise over all. The Queen has sung smiles and kisses to the bride and bridegroom, and for a while her face has forgotten its sadness, and the united procession of bride and bridegroom moves toward the nave, both sending their acknowledgments of the smiles and unspoken blessings that greet them from every side.

And thus ended a ceremony, which has formed for a week the great topic of interest of one half of Anglo-Saxondom.

## The Royal Dresses.

The Times says: "The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue ribbon, narrowed to the width her majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features. She stands at the widow of the royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze."

The bride's dress is thus described: "It is embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which can just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The traditional white is not, however, departed from, though over all she wears a slight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with silver, and which, falling tight, sets off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection. Her gorgeous train of white and silver is borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses. "The Prince of Wales wore the mantle of the Garter, which concealed his uniform so far that only the gold striped overall and spurs could be seen to give any indication that he wore his uniform beneath."

## LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

HEADQUARTERS OF MAJ.-GEN. McPHERSON, Commanding 17th Army Corps.

Our artist says: "The 17th Army Corps, under McPheron, have been exceedingly fortunate in being ordered to Lake Providence, La. Their tents are pitched in pleasant places. I have not seen a position anywhere along the Mississippi River, or anywhere else, which offers such inducements for an army 'to stay awhile' as the banks of this beautiful lake. There is a little town on the landing, which is only fit and therefore only occupied for negro quarters and sutler shops. The lake is immediately back of the village, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the river. Immense cotton-fields stretch away on both sides of it, and beautiful residences, surrounded by elaborate gardens full of Southern shrubbery, adorn its banks. Spring is already well advanced in this latitude; the trees are budding, and the grass, studded with flowers, is covering the roadsides and gardens. Thousands of singing birds inhabit the groves. Out of my window I see the mocking-birds, the redbirds, the bluebirds, the jays and orioles chasing each other amid the evergreens, and every little while an immense flock of blackbirds comes chattering and chirping across the lake. Close to the lake, shading the road, the original trees of the forest stand in groups, covered with the long gray moss, gloomy and ancient, and large cactus plants, called Spanish daggers, fence its waters."

"The soldiers are encamped all along the lake, and are in splendid spirits and condition. Not one of them thinks of getting sick in such a place as this, where they can have all sorts of amusements. Boating was the first business they entered into; and now the lake is covered with all sorts of floating machines, with soldiers rowing, paddling and sailing along. Fishing is excellent, and ducks and geese are plenty. The foraging parties come back laden with turkeys and chickens, and the appetites of the soldiers are sharpened by games of football, etc., on the flat fields."

Maj.-Gen. McPheron has his headquarters at the residence of Dr. Sellers, the prettiest place on the lake. You know that Gen. McPheron is one of the favorites in the Western army. I shall take the first opportunity to devote some attention to him personally; and will only remark here that his corps is in splendid condition, the discipline of the troops very superior, and what I have seen of the General and his management confirms me in the belief, shared by others, that, God sparing his life, his name will be found amongst the most distinguished men of the war. "In regard to the operations now in progress in this

vicinity I cannot at present say anything. In a week or two the strategies will be evident, and I am waiting here to be present at important events soon to happen."

## Barnum's American Museum.

## EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.

LITTLE MINNIE WARREN, the Empress of Beauty, sister of Mrs. General Tom Thumb, only 25 inches high and weighing but 19 pounds, is to be seen at all hours, with COM. NUTT, and other curiosities. SLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission 25 cents.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE.....PROPRIETOR.  
E. G. SQUIER.....EDITOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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We commence in the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY:

A new Romance by

MISS M. E. BRADDON,

the most popular living novelist, and the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd," the sale of which in England has been unprecedented. For development of plot, striking incident and masterly grasp of character, she greatly excels her contemporaries, while her descriptions have a life and color only equalled by Sir Walter Scott. The heroine of her new romance is one well calculated to arouse the sympathies of the reader; indeed, we have never read a story which commenced with a better promise of future interest. The sketch of George Vandeleur Mowbray Vane is a masterpiece, while that of the stranger is powerfully drawn. We predict that "Eleanor's Victory" will be one of Miss Braddon's greatest triumphs. Our illustrations will also materially aid the reader in realising the scenes.

## Summary of the Week.

## THE MISSISSIPPI.

The reports and even dispatches from this quarter are so conflicting that we have nothing definite to record. While one telegram from Cairo announces the success of the Yazoo expedition, others state that after two fruitless attacks on Fort Pemberton the Union expedition had been obliged to return the way it came.

The fate of the Indianola is at last settled, by a dispatch from Admiral Farragut to the Navy Department, dated below Warrenton, March 19. He states that about 10 miles above Grand Gulf he saw the wreck of the Indianola, on the right bank of the river, partially submerged, and with her upper works very much shattered by explosion. So the story of her having been blown up in the fright caused by the appearance of Admiral Porter's mock Monitor was no doubt literally true.

## THE WEST.

The telegraph says that Gen. Gilmore with a considerable Union force crossed the Kentucky river on the 29th of March and recaptured Dansville. At last accounts he was driving the rebels in the direction of Crab Orchard.

Parson Brownlow reports that the rebels are concentrating all their infantry recently in East Tennessee, at Tullahoma, while their cavalry is being gathered in one body, to make a sudden dash upon East Kentucky. In Tennessee there has been no fighting since the defeat of Morgan near Milton.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 28th March a rebel force, consisting of the 42d North Carolina Regiment and a party of guerrillas, under the command of Col. Brown, suddenly attacked a small Union force at Wingfield, on the Chowan river. Lieut. McClane, with part of a company of the 1st North Carolina Volunteers, retired into a block-house, where they defended themselves with such vigor that, after a fight of over an hour, the enemy were repulsed. Gen. Foster arrived the next day from Plymouth with three companies, while four



companies of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry came up at the same time, sent from Suffolk by Gen. Peck. Col. Brown succeeded in crossing Chowan river with part of his force—the remainder retreated in the direction of Edenton and dispersed, many being captured.

## VIRGINIA.

The only affair reported during the week is contained in a dispatch from Fortress Monroe, which says: "The enemy attacked Williamsburg this morning, Sunday, March 29, with cavalry and infantry, and were repulsed by the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Col. Lewis. At noon the enemy had retreated, and Col. Lewis had re-established his pickets. Loss not yet ascertained."

## BATON ROUGE AND PORT HUDSON.

By the McClellan we learn that a movement has been made against Port Hudson. The particulars are briefly these:

The passage of the batteries took place on the night of Saturday, the 14th ult. Taking the lead with the Hartford and Albatross, followed by the Richmond and Kisco, the Monongahela and Genesee, and lastly the Mississippi, Admiral Farragut essayed the passage, while the Essex and Sachem in the rear, with six mortar-boats, kept up a constant fire. The Hartford and Albatross passed the upper batteries in safety. The Richmond, after reaching the upper battery, was temporarily disabled and had to fall back. So was the Monongahela. The Mississippi ran aground at the bend opposite the central battery, receiving the concentrated fire of the entire fort for an hour, and fighting most desperately. Finding it impossible to save her, Capt. Smith gave orders to fire her. She afterward floated down the river till she reached a point a few miles above Baton Rouge, where her magazine exploded. Some 60 of the crew are either killed or missing. The remainder of the fleet are safe and ready for action.

The army, under Major-Gen. Banks, proceeded by land, simply to make a diversion; but after the Hartford had passed, and the experiment of passing the forts was ended, returned to Baton Rouge. They approached to within five or six miles of Port Hudson, and met portions of the enemy, who retreated to the forts.

There had been no other military or naval movements.

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

No one has failed to remark the growing confidence of the North in itself and in the Administration. Several causes have contributed to this better feeling. In the first place Congress, before its adjournment, invested the Government with all necessary powers for raising men and money, and for prosecuting the war. In the second place, European complications have postponed indefinitely all schemes of intervention, friendly or otherwise, in our affairs. Thirdly, the President's Proclamation, whatever its other results at home, has caused a powerful reaction among the masses of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, in our favor. Fourth, the South has shown marked and growing signs of weakness and collapse, while the North has betrayed no diminution of strength. The South has exhausted its last resource for raising men, a searching conscription, to which the North is now for the first time preparing to resort. Gold has gone up in the rebel capital to a premium of 600 per cent., while here it has fallen off nearly 40 per cent. in as many days.

Besides all these causes, the influence of which must be immense, the public opinion of the North is fast centering on common ground; that is to say, all extreme opinions are tending down to one calm, intelligent standard, and a true, unswerving, patriotic resolve to crush out the rebellion, without insisting that any particular political dogmas, or a school of opinions, shall prevail in the end. This happy change is evinced in a thousand ways, as is very manifest in the altered tone of the newspapers heretofore holding conflicting and often hostile views, and which have been understood to represent extreme opinions. Thus the New York Independent proclaims, on behalf of itself and its friends: "We will work for the Union and Constitution as the Fathers ordained them with all men of all parties who believe this sacred end is to be gained only by sustaining the Government in this indispensable and righteous war. We scorn and repudiate the slanderous imputation that we refuse to give cordial aid unless the war is carried on according to our views of right and expediency. We have claimed, and do claim, and shall boldly exercise, the right to urge upon Government and upon the public the highest motives of human action—the motives of Justice and Liberty. But we do not refuse to work heartily with men who choose motives far lower. Each man that is true to the great end—an undivided nation—shall be free to work in his own way. We shall do the same. We tolerate them. They must tolerate us. Let all men, of every side, whatever his theory or philosophy, join in combining the total strength of the great loyal States for the last and victorious onset upon rebellion."

On the other hand, the World, which is understood to represent quite the opposite extreme with that of the Independent, reproves that ardor of politics which would make patriotism subordinate to partisanship, and exhorts its followers to beware of being betrayed into hostility to the Union in the heat of their hostility whether to the policy or the principles of the Government. It adds: "We say there is no alternative honorable to us as a nation, at present, save a vigorous prosecution of the war; even though to hope for vigor from Mr. Lincoln's administration be to search for grapes among thistles, even though the Administration do its utmost to pervert it to a war for abolition only."

In the same sense the New York Times, frequently strong, but never ultra, speaks as follows:

"Nothing is more certain than that the great body of the Democratic party, as well as of the Republican, is the roughly loyal to the Government. It has no affinity with the rebellion in any degree. Every instinct and every principle binds it to the nationality. There never was a graver political mistake than to assume that because the Democratic party generally felt constrained to condemn the management of the war, they were therefore opposed to the war itself, and ready for peace on any terms with the rebels."

These expressions are auspicious, and are the more so as they truly represent the popular feeling. The great hope of the rebels has been a divided North. Let that be dispelled, and the National cause will have gained a great and decisive victory.

A RICHMOND paper, of the 10th of March, contains 16 advertisements for substitutes. In one case \$1,000 are offered. One advertisement offers \$400 reward for the arrest of a substitute who deserted after getting his pay.

Those who imagine they know all about the earth, and who desire to acquire a knowledge of the nearest of the heavenly bodies, will now have an opportunity to do so. The first part of a book, bearing the title of "Our Satellite; or, a Selenography according to the present state of Science," has been published in London. The author is Dr. Le Vengneur D'Orean. The work is illustrated with lunar photographs of a size and sharpness hitherto unattained.

The fleet building in England, ostensibly for the Emperor of China, but really for the rebel blockade-runners, seems to be destined ultimately for the American navy, or else, as the penny-a-liner would say, "as a prey to the flames." For example, the splendid new iron steamer Georgiana, said to be more formidable than the Alabama, having on board a large and valuable cargo of supplies and arms was run ashore by our blockading fleet and entirely destroyed. On the 21st of the same month another iron British steamer, Nicholas I., was captured off Wilmington, by the gunboat Victoria. She is a large vessel of over 1,000 tons, and was heavily laden with necessities for the rebels. At this rate the "Emperor of China" will soon lose his fleet.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The Maine Legislature has passed resolutions indorsing President Lincoln's Emancipation policy.

The niece of Oliver Goldsmith is now living in Hoboken, in somewhat reduced circumstances. She is the daughter of his youngest sister, Kate Goldsmith, of whom Washington Irving says: "What has become of his sister Kate?" in his beautiful life of the poet.

Government contracts last week were awarded as follows: 20,000 barrels extra flour, at \$8 15 to \$8 40; 100,000 pounds new bacon sides at \$9 30 per 100 weight, covered; 100,000 pounds new bacon shoulders, at \$7 45, uncovered; 150,000 pounds yellow coffee sugar, at 13 1/2 cts; 250,000 pounds hard brown soap, at 7 1/2 cts.

That excellent and most enterprising paper, the Philadelphia Inquirer, has been restored to its original shape and size.

A grand ball will be given at the Academy of Music on the 14th April, for the purpose of raising funds to send to Ireland, to relieve the distress there.

The funeral of the late Gen. Sumner was solemnized on the 25th ult. at Syracuse with great military pomp—the body lying in state at the City Hall, upwards of 20,000 soldiers passed the coffin, to take the last look of one of our noblest soldiers.

Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Murdock, of Baltimore, have been sent from their homes in that city, by Provost-Marshal Fish, in consequence of having sons in the rebel army. Many prominent Unionists have expressed considerable disapprobation at the proceeding.

Quinine has advanced from \$2 to \$4 an ounce.

One of the fifteen-inch guns cast at Pittsburgh, and destined for the fortifications of this city, arrived at Rochester, on its way hither, on the 22d of March. These guns will throw a solid shot weighing over 400 pounds.

Intensely cold weather was experienced in Maine last week, March 18. At Bangor on the 21st of March the thermometer stood at 23 degrees below zero.

The Aldermen and Councilmen are hereafter to receive a salary of \$1,500 a year, in lieu of their usual perquisites.

Ten thousand tons of copper were shipped in 1862 from the Lake Superior mines—value \$5,000,000.

Gov. Holbrook, of Vermont, has recommended that the 9th of April be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

George Ticknor Curtis, Esq., addressed the Democratic Union Association, Saturday evening, on "Loyalty." He decided that in time of war the people are bound to accept, without question, the policy of the Government; but argued that constitutions must have only the ballot-box and free discussion should be brought to bear to remedy the evils complained of.

**Western.**—Mrs. Phelps, of Missouri, says that over 100 persons, once wealthy citizens of Missouri, have died of starvation within the last year, owing to the ravages of war.

3,000 lbs. of Illinois cotton—a novelty—was sold in Boston last week at 88 cents a pound.

Pos masters in Missouri have received military orders to prevent the circulation of a pamphlet entitled "A Voice from the Camp—The Fate of the Union, or the Destiny of Missouri and the West."

Accounts from Salt Lake, dated the 22d March, state that the Humboldt Indians attacked the station eight miles west of Deerfield, killed the guards, burned the station, took all the stock, and did all the mischief they could.

Many families are emigrating from California to British Columbia.

Gen. Burnside's chief duty will be to protect Kentucky from threatened rebel invasion, and to assist Gen. Rosecrans.

**Southern.**—Gen. Gideon Pillow, in a speech lately, said that between the two Presidents he had been ruined; Jeff. Davis had burnt \$500,000 worth of cotton, and 400 of his slaves had run away on the strength of President Lincoln's proclamation.

The following anecdote of the late Mr. Pettigru, of Charleston is genuine: A person meeting him in the street, accosted him, and said: "Will you be so kind as to direct me to the lunatic asylum?"

"Certidly," answered Mr. Pettigru. "There it is," pointing to the east; "and there" turning and pointing to the south; "and there" pointing to the west; "and there again," pointing to the north. "You cannot possibly go amiss."

When asked an explanation of this singular direction, he said:

"The whole State is a lunatic asylum, and the people are all lunatics."

Among the many barbarities committed by the rebels must be reckoned their giving Lieut. Barrett, of an Ohio regiment, 100 lashes, because he would not reveal the name of the leader of the expedition into Georgia.

The prices of the necessities of life in Richmond and the chief Southern cities are almost incredible: Boots, \$100 per pair; coffee \$1 per lb.; sugar, \$ per lb.; whiskey, even the worst, fetches \$12 and \$16 a gallon.

G. N. Weitzel, who commands the Union troops at Newber City, Southern Louisiana, has detected the infamous use which the rebels make of a flag of truce. They would trap some old woman and then send her back with all the honors of a flag of truce. Two or three would then with their spy-glasses narrowly examine our defenses. Gen. Weitzel informed them that the next man who made use of a spyglass would be shot.

Brown, the rebel Governor of Georgia, has issued a proclamation enjoining the planters of his State to cultivate corn and food in preference to cotton and tobacco.

**Military.**—Major James A. Hardie has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to succeed Provost-Marshal Fry. He is a native of New York, and has been in the artillery since 1843.

Gen. Burnside has issued an order assuming the command of the department of the Ohio. Indiana has been made into a separate Department, under Gen. Carrington, who is to report direct to Burnside.

It is positively asserted that, owing to the opposition of Gen. Halleck, no command will be given to Gen. Fremont.

G. N. Briggs has been superseded by Gen. Joe Johnston, who now commands all the forces near Tallahassee.

The editor of the Alexandria News has been condemned to one year's imprisonment for publishing the number of our regiments in Virginia.

About eleven months ago, 18 privates, belonging to Ohio regiments, were detailed by the late Gen. Mitchell on the special duty of destroying the railroads in Georgia. They were captured by the rebels, who hung seven of them, and confined the rest in dungeons. Six have been returned in exchange. They have each received a medal, \$100 and their arrangements. Their account of the terrible cruelties of the rebels is enough to stir the heart of every human being to a fierce retribution.

A squad of nineteen colored volunteers, for the 54th Massachusetts regiment, left Albany on the 25th ult. for the encampment at Readville near Boston.

Of 1,000 men in the British army, there were 65 men who were six feet and over in height, and in the same number of soldiers in the French army but four; while of 1,800 recruits for the United States army 240 were six feet in height, or somewhat more than 133 per 1,000. Out of 8,632 persons who presented themselves for examination in New York city for enlistment, but two were under the prescribed height (five feet three inches). One of these was an Englishman and the other an American.

Wm. H. Seward, jun., the youngest son of the Secretary of State, is about to go into the field as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d Wayne and Cayuga regiment.

It is reported that Gen. McDowell has been appointed to the department of the Mississippi, now under Gen. Curtis.

The 9th New York volunteers, better known as the Zouaves, are now doing Provost-Marshal duty at Newport News. Great inducements will be offered to this splendid regiment to continue in the service. The greater portion of the 9th army corps passed through Baltimore on the 23d of March, on its way to reinforce Gen. Burnside's army of the Ohio.

Major Gen. Milroy will most probably be appointed Military Governor of Western Virginia.

From Arkansas we learn that Gen. Hindman is at some point in South-western Arkansas, endeavoring to reorganize his demoralized army. Gen. Marmaduke is at Clarksville, on the north side of the Arkansas, a town about half way between Van Buren and Little Rock. He is reported to have a large cavalry force.

Brig.-Gen. D. P. Woodbury, who has been relieved from duty with the army of the Potomac, has been assigned to the department of the Gulf, to command the district of Key West and the Tortugas, which has recently been transferred to the department.

By an order from the War Department, all of Western Virginia is included in the middle department.

A cavalry skirmish on a small scale took place at Chantilly on the 23d of March at five o'clock P. M. Our loss was two killed, one wounded and one missing. Our cavalry now invariably drive the enemy before them.

Quartermaster Belger's case, it is said in Washington, will present some very exposed of official corruption, calculated to afford "aid and encouragement to the enemy."

The pay of Deputy Provost-Marshal under the Conscription Act will be equal to that of cavalry captains, and amount with perquisites to \$1,650 a year.

**Naval.**—The Navy Department has advised of the capture of the sloop Charming, at the mouth of the Indian River inlet, on the 24th ult., by a boat expedition from the United States steamer Sagamore. She was bound for Nassau, N. P., with a load of cotton. Also of the capture of the Spanish sloop Relampago, at Charlotte Harbor, Florida, on the 2d inst., by the United States schooner James S. Chambers. Her cargo consisted of coffee, liquors, shoes, etc. She was sent to Key West for adjudication. On the succeeding day the Chambers chased ashore the sloop Iria, near the same locality. Her cargo, consisting principally of liquors, was partly saved. A rebel flag was found on board. Not being able to get her off, she was burned.

Admiral Gregory and Engineer Stevens have declared that the Nauteket is by far the best of the nine monitors built by Ericsson.

The gunboat Diligent, belonging to Admiral Porter's fleet, succeeded in entering the Yazoo river, above Haines's Bluff, by way of the Cypress and Steele's bayous. She bore one regiment of volunteers, and was followed by four iron-clads and a large federal force. The position thus attained will enable our fleet to get between Yazoo city and Haines's Bluff, placing the latter between two fires and rendering the evacuation of Vicksburg certain.

The prize steamers Nicholas I. and the Granite City arrived at New York on the 26th of March. The latter was captured off the Bahama banks. The Nicholas was the first taken while attempting to run the blockade off Wilmington, North Carolina, having previously made three unsuccessful attempts to run into Charleston. She had a valuable cargo of ammunition and merchandise.

**Personal.**—Gen. Hooker has solemnly denied the rumor set forth in a Washington paper that he gave evidence derogatory to Gen. McClellan's military ability.

Ex-President Pierce has written a letter to Senator Pearce of Maryland severely condemning the conduct of the administration in their arbitrary arrests.

Fred. A. Mitchell, son of the distinguished General who died in South Carolina, enlisted as a private in the regular army lately. The fact coming to the President's knowledge, he presented him with a 2d Lieutenantcy in the regular army. He had previously acted as Captain and Aide-de-Camp to his gallant father, at whose death he was most unaccountably mustered out of the service.

Col. D'Utassy has to see Victor Hugo's phrase, "Come to a tragic end." He was married on the 26th ult. to a fair lady at Washington.

Gov. Barry, of New Hampshire, has gone on a visit to the 12th regiment N. H. V., stationed at Washington.

Mrs. W. C. Gladstone seems to have caused quite a furore in New Orleans. At her benefit at the Varieties on the 12th of March, when she performed Rosalind, in "As You Like It," she received a perfect ovation. The newspaper poets are also hymning her beauty in the daily papers. Mrs. Gladstone is quickly assuming her natural position as the most accomplished actress on the stage.

Gen. Franklin and his wife are on a visit to some friends in Philadelphia.

W. Gilmore Simms is engaged in writing a tragedy on Benedict Arnold.

Baron Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, is at the Clarendon.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has been called to Montgomery, Ala., to visit her dying mother.

Gen. Crittenden has gone to his estate in Kentucky.

The Hon. S. Colfax will be the Union candidate for Speaker in the next Congress.

Col. S. A. Gilbert of Zanesville, Ohio, who commands the troops at Frankfort, Ky., has lately been presented with a valuable sword by the officers and men of the 44th regiment.

Archbishop Hughes has 970 ounces of gold and silver plate liable to duty. With humorous exaggeration, the New York Express made it 12,040 ounces.

President Lincoln visited Grover's Theatre, Washington, on Thursday night, to see "Hamlet." It was his first visit since he has been President.

We regret to hear that Booth, the tragedian, has been in a very desponding state since the death of his wife.

**Obituary.**—The wife of the rebel Gen. Braxton Bragg died at Tallahassee, on the 23d of March.

H. A. Burr, topographer to the Post Office, died at Washington, on the 25th of March. He has been lately employed in furnishing military maps to our Generals.

Col. William A. Spencer, Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, died on the 26th ult. at his farm near Centerville, Queen Anne's county, of typhoid fever. He left Annapolis to enjoy the Christmas holidays at home, and shortly after arriving, he was prostrated with the disease which has thus terminated his life.

W. G. Whiteman, one of the most distinguished merchants of Cincinnati, died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 24th ult.

Died a few days ago at Turin, Madame the Comtesse Anastasie de La Tour Maubourg, born at Paris, July 1, 1777. The lady was daughter of Lafayette, shared with her father the prison fare of Austrian Olmutz, and gained her liberty with him by virtue of the treaty of Campo Formio, when he was exchanged for the Duc de Angoulême. To all proper womanly virtues she added in her life's practice such special virtues of sentiment and charitable deeds as were to be expected from a daughter of Lafayette.

**Accidents and Offences.**—Mr. Reither, of Brooklyn, has been sentenced to pay a young comestible who had been in his service \$3,000 for breach of promise.

David Henderson, aged 50 years, who had been 48 years a clerk in the Custom House, N. Y., committed suicide on the 26th of March, by jumping from a Brooklyn ferryboat—cause is unity.

Mrs. Hartung, convicted four years ago of the murder of her husband at Albany, and who escaped execution by the operation of the amended Capital Punishment Law of 1861, was declared free on the 26th ult., by the unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals. The point decided was, we understand, that having been once tried, her life could not again be put in jeopardy.

Jackalow, the alleged murderer, has been discharged from Trenton jail, no further proof being obtainable. He has been three years in prison, and the money he had been spent by the lawyers.

A 50-pound gun burst at the navy yard, Washington, on the 26th of March, while they were experimenting with it. A fragment weighing 300 pounds passed through the roof of the battery building. Nobody was hurt.

On the 24th of March a gentleman and lady called at the house of Mrs. Lee, in Philadelphia, and carried off her child in a carriage, a little boy five years of age. It is supposed to be done at the instigation of her husband, from whom Mrs. Lee is divorced.

On the 24th March, about 4 o'clock, the new steamer D. E. Cary, burst her boiler while lying at the foot of Spring street, blowing the vessel to atoms, killing five men and seriously injuring two others.

A liquor dealer, Mr. Aubrey, of Baxter street, has been arrested for receiving a large sum of money from some boys, knowing it to have been found or stolen.

The old National Theatre of Boston, corner of Portland and Travers streets, was destroyed by fire on the 23d of March.

**Foreign.**—The Court Journal says that Lord Palmerston generally finishes even his busiest day with a game of billiards, at which he is a proficient.

The present scarcity of cotton has determined the British Government to encourage the growth of flax in Ireland.

Mazzini is on a visit to Garibaldi in Capri. Despite the vigilance of the Austrian police he passed through Austria without detection.

A project is on foot in England for coining a British silver dollar for colonial use, the weight and value to be about four and one-half English shillings.

Jenny Lind sang at the Chapel Royal, Windsor Castle, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, with her accustomed brilliancy.

Mr. Peabody, the American banker, who was on a visit to Paris on the 10th of March, gave a magnificent dinner to over 200 of the English residents in Paris. Many of the most distinguished American citizens were also present.

**Chit-Chat.**—The Ottawa Indicator (C. W.) has a most amusing editorial on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in which King Canute and Shakespeare's Hamlet serve as ushers to the young Danish Princess.

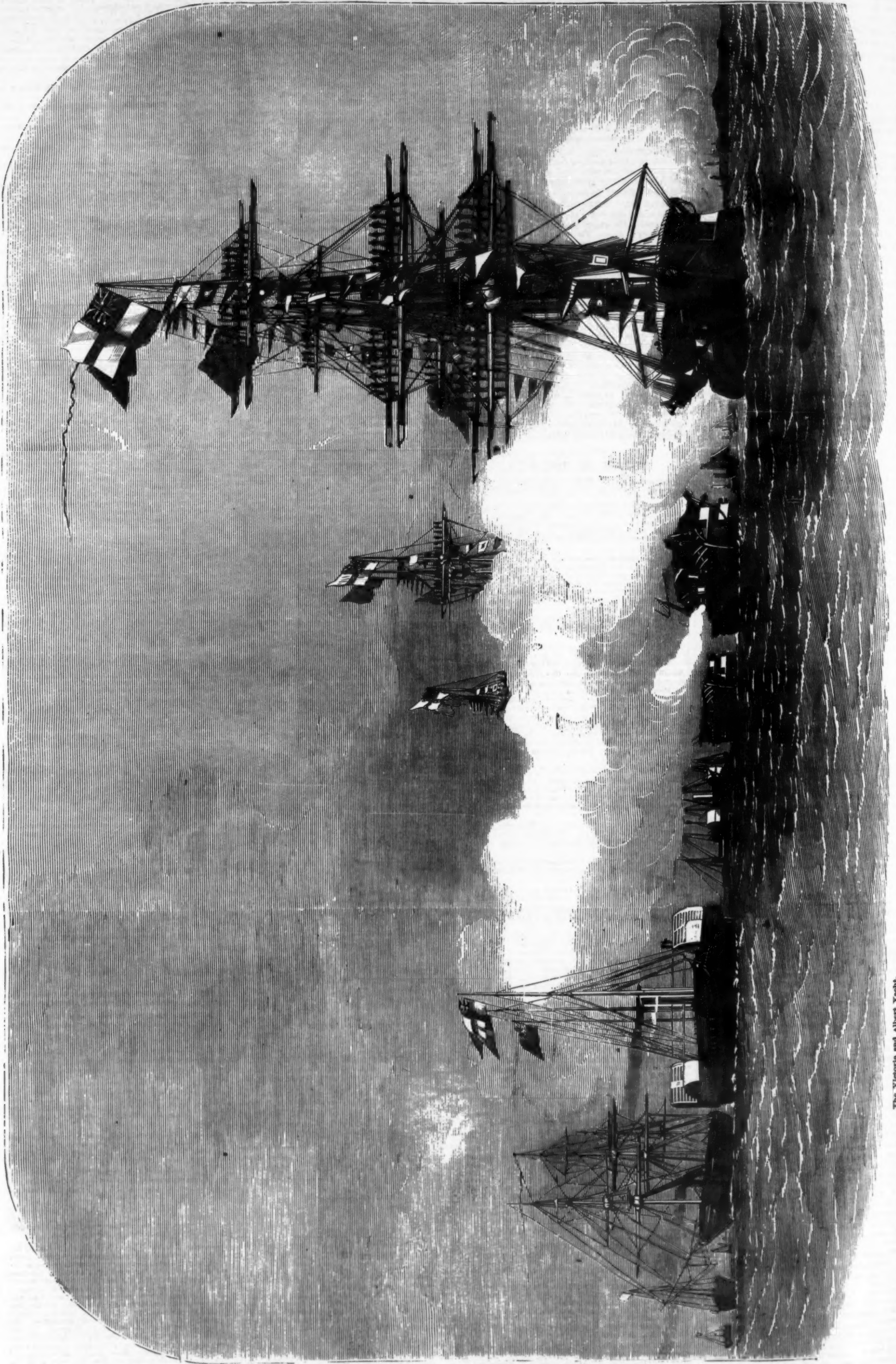
A correspondent has sent us a conundrum upon the beautiful actress now starring at a New York theatre. Why is Miss — like a ham? Because she is a West Indian (Westphalia).

A conversation between two negroes on the street, was overheard to this effect: "Well, John, we are all free now." "Ah, Bill, that 'pends more on Gen. Lee than Mr. Lincoln."

Prentice says he is not a betting man, but he will lay Louis Napoleon a trifling wager that he will conquer the rebel confederacy before he conquers Mexico—and Victoria may hold the stakes.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette affirms the following as true: "A gentleman, with rather a seedy overcoat on, some time ago attended a funeral in the fashionable Grace Church, New York city. He took a prominent seat, but the ceremonious sexton sent him off to a free pew near the door. A pompous little Lieutenant, wearing an elegant new uniform, was graciously sent to the eligible seat. On the congregation rising at the singing of a hymn the seedy overcoat was partially removed, displaying the starred shoulder straps of a Major-General. Urgent civilities were pressed on the distant ushered officer—prayer books, offers of a better seat, etc.; but Gen. Banks quietly declined these flunkey attentions, and concluded his devotion in the free pew near the door, having egregiously mistaken Grace Church for a Christian burial place, in the character of some of its members."





THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT, WITH THE PRINCES ALEXANDRA AND ALBERT, AND SUITE ON BOARD, LEAVING THE NORE FOR GRAVESEND, ENGLAND, MARCH 7—THE BRITISH CONVOY FIRING ROYAL SALUTE.





## SEE OUR NATION'S GLORY!

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

The lines of men advancing,  
The glittering bayonets glancing  
In sunbeams merrily dancing,  
The noble war steeds prancing,  
See our nation's glory!  
These the men that never yield,  
While a weapon they can wield;  
To the foe they never kneel'd—  
Rather die they on the field,  
On the field of glory!

## II.

Now the lines of foemen near—  
Listen to that lusty cheer  
From the men that know no fear—  
From the steady cannonier,  
Now moving to the front!  
Hear the cannon's sullen roar  
Passing hills and valleys o'er;  
See the rivulets of gore—  
Many sleep to wake no more,  
In the battle's fearful brunt!

## III.

The battle flag's moving on:  
Is the work of slaughter done?  
Is the red field lost or won?  
So fiercely hot and red?  
Ay, the deadly contest's o'er—  
Hush'd and still the cannon's roar!  
Proudly waves our flag once more;  
But happy hearts will soon be sore—  
For see that heap of dead!

Army of the Potomac, near  
Fredericksburg, Feb. 28. }

## PRIZE STORY

No. 13.

THE GOVERNESS:  
A Tale of the Times.

## I.

It was not a particularly cheerful day on which Margaret Lennox left her home among the Berkshire Hills, to go upon a mission of charity to the family of Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn, of Alabama. We call Margaret's mission a mission of charity, and we think with reason; for, owing to the more "chivalric" and congenial employments of the Southern matrons and maidens, Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn had found it impossible—or, rather, knowing it to be so, he had not tried—to discover a daughter of the sunny South sufficiently plebeian and enlightened to instruct his tender lambkins—Lumkyns, we should say—in the rudiments of a Christian English education.

With immense condescension and generosity, therefore, as well as reluctance, he had bowed to the necessity of things, and invited Miss Margaret Lennox to spend a year or two in his household for that purpose, regardless of expense.

In fact, he had offered Miss Lennox, through the medium of a lady friend, no less a sum than one thousand dollars a year, and the high privilege of being treated absolutely—yes, really!—as one of his own family—his white family he meant, mind you—yet, spite of all this, Margaret had long hesitated.

But, then, she was undeniably poor. Both parents were dead, and a little brother and sister were dependent chiefly upon her labor for support. This two thousand dollars—for she would hoard it all—would make a nucleus of capital for the future fostering of her beloved charges, too precious to be thrown away.

Still she did hesitate, for reasons of affection and anxiety that no woman who reads this need have detailed, and that we, being a man, would perhaps struggle if we attempted to analyse.

But in the midst of her doubts a little (how dare we call it a little?) thing occurred that did what even Col. Lumkyn's magnificent liberality and conde-

scension might have failed to do—Edward Mallory resolved to seek his fortune in California.

We presume it will be unnecessary to state what relation Mr. Mallory bore to Miss Lennox. He was poor as she, but had studied law, and was confident of success at the bar of the great Pacific State; so confident, that he earnestly endeavored to persuade Margaret to go with him as his wife.

But her little ones?

"They shall be my little ones, too," said Edward. "But the long voyage, the uncertainty, the climate, the— No, Edward! it would not be right; it would be selfish. It—it must not be!"

And he knew that when Margaret once said "it must not be," it would not be. So, with much alternate weeping and comforting, promising and cheering, hoping and fearing on both sides, but with a strong trust, above all these, in the future, they parted. And Margaret Lennox accepted the position of governess and "one of the family" in the broad-porch mansion of Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn, in a fair spot not many miles from the western bank of the Alabama river.

It was not, as we have said, a cheerful day when she left home. The sky had been lowering all the morning, and just as she placed little Edith in the arms of the old dame, with whom the two children were to find a second mother during Margaret's absence, and had disengaged Willy's fingers from her dress, after having kissed and hugged them both fifty times, just as she stepped into the stage, with her cheeks picturesquely streaked with tears, and her lips shining with the moist kisses of the little ones, the rain began to fall heavily.

Had Margaret Lennox been of an imaginative disposition, given to presentiments and the like, she would have surely foreseen ill-chance in her undertaking from its dreary setting forth.

But she was not, fortunately. She was a sensible, well-educated, very pretty, almost beautiful, in fact, resolute, brave-hearted Yankee maiden of twenty-two, and nothing more.

What more would you have? Lucky and thrice lucky he who getteth and keepeth the love, honor and obedience of such a Yankee maiden.

So she gradually repressed her tears, and even smiled now and then at some odd remark of the driver, who was an out-and-out Vermonter, until he safely deposited her at the railway station.

Here she bought the last magazine (we shall not say which, not being in the advertising line), and in ten minutes was whirling southward, apparently in calm and deep perusal of Mrs. —'s (there! we were on the eve of identifying the publication after all!) thrilling story.

We shall not meet her again until she has gone in under the broad porch of Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn's house.

## II.

The Alabama river is a very pretty river. It winds between high banks or bluffs, covered with verdure here and there, or crowned by a belt of woodland, whose outmost trees lean lovingly towards each other across the shallow, quiet stream, casting pleasant shadows upon the water.

It is a very pretty river, but to run aground at a sequestered spot in the same, and have to remain aground forty-eight hours, in a steamboat loaded with cotton-bales up to within six inches of the pilot's nose, as he stands in his little tower, in all his mahogany-hued glory—to experience this, we say, during a very warm spell in May, is not calculated to enhance the appreciation of the river's beauty.

This being admitted, we confess that it was pure digression, produced by the vivid memory of a personal experience, and proceed. If ascending, or descending, the Alabama to a point not far below Selma, you were to disembark at the foot of a lofty

bluff, up the acclivity of which you toil by means of rude stairs, or, if you prefer it, try the ascent on the cotton-slide which is just alongside, and were to walk along a narrow not-over-magnified road, leading inland in a very corkscrew manner, for about two miles, you would perceive in the centre of a very large field, standing upon a slight knoll, under a few scraggy sycamore/trees, and flanked—at a respectful distance—by a semi-circle of small whitey-brown cabins, the large, square, heavily-verandahed mansion of Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn, planter, horse-breeder, fox-hunter, bluff-player, julep consumer and Southern gentleman.

The colonel was a widower, and was further blest (?)—(ladies, we cry you mercy for that slip: let it go no further)—with three children. The eldest—the son and heir, Fitzhugh Lumkyn, junior—a chivalric young man of four and twenty, closely following in the footsteps of his gallant father, with the advantages of age, good looks, and a thin varnish of education and breeding, picked up in the course of a two years' lounge at a Virginia college.

The second and third scions of this fine old stock were daughters, aged twelve and fifteen years, and named Eugenia and Isabel respectively.

It was for the benefit of these two flowerets that their father had overcome his aristocratic repugnance to the churl's blood of the Yankees, and had invited Miss Lennox to become a temporary member of his family.

As we explained before, he meant by this his white family—that is, his son, daughters, white housekeeper (or if she wasn't white nobody but a creole could have guessed it), and himself.

For besides these, he owned some two hundred slaves, male and female, and he had a fatherly way of calling them all his "family." "A mighty likely family, too," he would say, passing the bottle to some accidental guest; "but—hard to manage," he generally added, casting a mild glance at a heavy-lashed hunting-whip on the wall, as though that could tell tales of his long forbearance and mercy. On the whole, the colonel was an easy, good-tempered man, however, and his "family" were quite as happy and lazy as the average of similar "families" in the South.

We wish, at this point, to advise the reader that it is not in the least our intention to give them a picture of plantation life, either in its white or colored aspects. Neither shall we describe the trials and difficulties of a teacher of the Southern young idea in its juvenescent feminine form, nor portray the many traits of character and habit of thought and speech peculiar to such a household as that of Colonel Lumkyn, and arising from ignorance, partial isolation and lack of moral or mental culture, as well as from constant association with the enslaved men who surround them.

What then are we going to do?

Why, simply to tell Miss Lennox's story in our own way.

And so, *andiamo*, as the Don hath it. Miss Margaret did not have to walk the meandering road from the bluff to the mansion. Colonel Lumkyn courteously sent his "buggy" for her conveyance, and in consideration of the fact, as announced by the colonel, that Miss L. was a "right pretty gyurl," the dashing Fitzhugh junior volunteered to be her Jehu. "Fitchew" (we write the name as the colonel, and, in fact, every Southerner, pronounces it, the accent being strongly on the last syllable), "Fitchew," said the colonel, with a wink, as his son got into the "buggy," "don't drive the mar' too smart; I reckon the Yankee gyurls are skyaray."

"I'll take kyar, cunnel," replied Fitchew; and then, sitting in the vehicle, he called out: "Sam! you, Sam!"

A negro boy appeared slowly shuffling along the

wide hall to the open door, with a "Yas, Mass' Fitchew, I'se comin'."

"Fetch me the julep, d' you hear, sir?"

The boy went in leisurely, and presently reappeared, carrying an enormous tumbler capable of holding about three pints, and nearly half full of mint-julep. That it was only half full was owing to the previous visits of the two Lumkyns to its refreshing stimulus that morning.

Fitchew took a long swig, and handed the goblet back to Sam, saying at the same time to his father: "Cunnel, the julep's stood too long; it wants more brandy, I reckon."

And he and the "mar" were off, at a very reckless pace, considering the nature of the ground and the condition of the buggy.

The steamboat was at the next landing above when Fitzhugh arrived on the bluff, so he took the opportunity of stepping into the store, which was one of about a dozen shanties that constituted the



magniloquently-named town of Marionville (that is not the exact name, but it being almost as sounding it will do), and having a word with the proprietor, rendered more bland by a few drops of "old rye." After discussing which he helped himself to about a square inch of "Jamestown," and waited in calm expectation for the boat.

Miss Lennox landed in safety, and found the gallant Fitzhugh thus awaiting her.

"Miss Lennox, I reckon?" said he inquiringly, with a polite inclination, and furtively ejecting an infusion of "Jamestown" through a knothole in the step.

"Yes, sir. Are you young Mr. Lumkyn?" asked Margaret, smiling at something, but quite self-possessed and dignified.

"Of course; the cunnel—my father wished me—or rather I wished to—Where are your trunks, Miss Lennox?"

Something in Margaret's face had evidently made a sudden impression of some unusual kind upon the generally dashing and very-free-and-easy mannered scion of chivalry.

Margaret pointed to her baggage, which was just landed.

"Hyear, Caleb! o—h Caleb! come 'year, sir!" cried Fitzhugh to an old darkey sitting with his feet in the water a few yards off.

"Lor, Mass' Fitchew, I 'year you!" drawled the old fellow, sauntering up as if he was walking in his sleep.

"Look 'year, Caleb, pile these 'year things on the verandah thar, and wa em till I send my boy down for 'em. We can toat that little trunk if you like, Miss Lennox, in the buggy."

"I should like to take that portmanteau, sir," said Margaret; "it has fragile articles in it which may be broken."

"Certainly; hand it up 'year, Caleb."

And gallantly assisting Margaret into the buggy, they started toward the mansion at a comparatively moderate pace.

"Are you afraid of horses, Miss Lennox?" asked Fitzhugh, after just a moment's silence, during which he more than once gazed with evident admiration, though not offensively, at his fair companion.

"I believe not," replied Margaret; "at least I am very fond of riding, and until recently have been accustomed to a gallop every morning for years."

"Then you like to go fast, I reckon," said Fitzhugh, pleasantly surprised at a Yankee girl's having courage and a taste for horsemanship.

"Yes, I think it exhilarating, and delightfully exciting."

"And you wouldn't be skayed if I touched up the mar'?"

"Try me, sir," exclaimed Margaret, a little indignant at his continued doubts of her bravery, although secretly in considerable dread from the roughness of the road and the rattle-trappishness of the vehicle.

Fitzhugh instantly "touched up the mar'" by giving her a ferocious cut with the whip, at which she sprang forward with a bound that made everything crack. But the harness was fortunately strong, and Fitzhugh was, to say sooth, a capital driver, with a powerful pull on the ribbons. And besides, he was just enough inspired by his morning stimulations to feel a perfect confidence in his skill and a complete belief in his luck, which, when combined with the actual possession of the former, are generally pretty sure to carry a man through a wonderfully tight place.

There was a mile left between them and the house, and it was the best of the road, but when



Fitzhugh driving Margaret to the Chase.



Fitzhugh drew up at the porch (or verandah as they call it "thar") Margaret felt a degree of gratitude for escape from peril, combined with a mild suspicion of general dislocation, which would have met with little sympathy from the admiring Jehu, perhaps, had he known the manner in which he was associated with these feelings in her mind, at the moment.

"Cunnel," exclaimed Fitzhugh, enthusiastically, as the old gentleman came forward to welcome Miss Lennox, accompanied by his two daughters, and followed by about a dozen contrabands of both sexes and many ages, sizes and shades of number—"Cunnel, Miss Lennox is a trump! She didn't skayre a mite, sir, and I let the mar do her—best, upon my honor!"

With which lofty eulogium resting upon her debut, Margaret went in triumphantly under the broad verandah, and was duly made "one of the family" of Col. Fitzhugh Lumkyn.

## III.

If this sketch were a serial tale now, or a moderate volume, we should here have a fine opportunity for writing many scenes in detail between Margaret and her pupils; many passages of local dialogue between the Yankee maiden and the dashing and enamored Fitzhugh, junior (for he became seriously smitten, we assure you, in defiance of Southern prejudice, chivalry and the rest); many *genre* portraits of peculiar characters both black and white; many incidents of life and adventure, in short, as developed during our heroine's residence on the Lumkyn plantation. And to tell the truth, we are rather sorry not to be able to indulge our opportunity to the full. But we undertook merely to write a sketch whose interest should hinge somewhat upon the present rebellion, and whose length should be adapted to the exigency of circumstances, which means that it should be just long enough to insure acceptance by the editor of the publication for whose columns it is written.

Therefore we shall condense the particulars of Miss Lennox's first six months' residence in the Lumkyn family, in the following terse but masterly summary of the situation, as per chapter.

## IV.

MISS EUGENIA LUMKYN (aged twelve) was lazy, good-natured and slow. She was the pet of the family, black and white—especially the former, to whom she was "mitty good" in the shape of quarter dollars, old ribbons, collars and other feminine miscellanea. Her best friend and companion also was a very shady damsel named Cora, the black overseer's daughter, with whom she had been nursed.

Miss Isabel Lumkyn (aged fifteen) was haughty, fiery, obstinate, or perhaps we should say determined, quick of apprehension, but resolutely opposed to learn anything she did not like, or to unlearn anything she had been taught to believe, or believed, as it were, by her Southern instinct. To the servants she was condescending, but imperative.

They called her sister Miss Jinney; but her they always spoke of and to either as Young Missus or Miss Isabel, in full.

Miss Eugenia's affections were sluggish, or rather languid; but, such as they were, were easily won. She hated nothing but study.

Miss Isabel's love was extremely hard to win, but would assuredly be worth having if won, from the depth and intensity of her nature. Margaret never won it, however, for Miss Isabel had several rooted hatreds and antipathies, and among them, the most unfathomable and dire was her hatred of Yankees. A Yankee, of whatever age, sex or position, was her *bête noire*.

With this character-outline of the sisters, we leave Margaret's probation as their teacher and guide to the imagination of the reader. Fitzhugh Lumkyn, senior, engrossed by his various occupations as a Southern gentleman and planter—as before enumerated—never interfered with Miss Lennox's administration. She saw him rarely. He was often absent for days, at Mobile and elsewhere, and when at home only saw his family at meals, being apparently on horseback or asleep at the other times. Whenever they did meet, however, the colonel was jovially courteous and affably condescending, and Miss Lennox gleaned much valuable information from him on the subjects of horse and contraband raising, hunting, and the concoction of julep, apple-toddy and other generous beverages.

Fitzhugh Lumkyn, junior, was—well, he was unquestionably in love, and with a Yankee; much to the horror and disgust of his keen-eyed sister, Isabel; much to his own discomfort and to the consumption of liquors mixed and unmixed, and, we confess, much to the secret amusement of Miss Margaret Lennox, spinster, but affianced to one Mallory, then in the Golden State.

At the expiration of six months from Miss Lennox's entrance into the Lumkyn family, the colonel requested the favor of an interview.

"Miss Lennox," said the colonel, with his Southern gentleman air, "I cannot let this day pass without thanking you for the kindness and forbearance you have shown to my daughters, and expressing my approbation of your manner of instruction (about which, by-the-by, the colonel knew as much as the late king of Madagascar). I trust you have found my servants obedient and my house agreeable, and that you will continue to find I—ah—you must not allow Fitchew to—ah—annoy you, or—ah—I know he is a little wild at times, but our Southern blood is warm, Miss Lennox; we have not the cal—calculating he was about to say, but gulped and substituted—"calm habits of life of the—the—ah—Northerners; we do not bring our young men up to—to—ah—commercial and other sedentary pursuits as generally as you do, and the gener—ah—of their—ah—youth is

temperaments will sometimes—will—that is—you will soon, I trust, learn to know and appreciate the fine gentlemanly qualities of the Southern young men; we are much belied—much slandered at the North, Miss Lennox, and when you return I need not ask you to refute—but you will not think of going for a long time yet; a couple of years at least, I hope—" and the colonel, fairly out of breath, bowed, and handed her a folded paper, with which she retired, unable or unwilling to utter a word of reply.

Upon opening it, she discovered a cheque for \$500, payable at a Boston bank. Let us add, that though she had said nothing to the colonel's speech, she immediately sat down and wrote him a short note, expressive of her thanks for his kindness and delicacy, and her perfect willingness to remain as long as he should think his daughters in need of her guidance and companionship. But she stipulated for a visit home in the approaching summer. And her desire to see her little ones was not her only reason.

A young lawyer by the name of Mallory, who was just rising at the bar of San Francisco, was expected home on a short visit about that time.

## V.

Now we are going to do a cruel thing—cruel, we mean, to certain of our readers. We shall not specify the class, but simply announce that we are going to leave entirely to their own imagination the filling up of the scenes of Margaret's visit home; her meeting with her little ones; her keen disappointment, not unmingled with pique, and sharpened still further by an undefined fear of evil, at seeing nothing of Edward Mallory, who wrote hurriedly at the last moment (and not to her) that he must give up coming home until fall, perhaps until the following year; her parting with home-ties again, and her second arrival at the Chase. By-the-by, we omitted to give the name of the Lumkyn estate before. As the immortal Toots would say, however, "it's of no consequence."

We rejoin our Yankee sweetheart, once more domesticated in the colonel's family. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that swelled into the mighty tempest of the present wild rebellion, was just discernable then by far-seeing men upon the edge of the Southern horizon. The Buchanan dynasty was upon its last legs. The President's apple was soon about to be awarded to one of the three aspirants for that somewhat acidulous fruit. Paris, disguised under the form of a general election, was soon to drop the doubtful prize at the feet of—Whom? That was the question which Margaret Lennox now heard debated with all the fiery partisanship and intemperate prejudice of Southern feeling and character by the colonel and his neighbors, in their occasional visits to the Chase.

"What did they think of the probabilities, up North, when you left there, Miss Lennox?" asked the colonel, one evening (it is always evening in the South after dinner), as Margaret sat on the porch with the two Miss Lumkyns and a couple of neighboring Southern twin flowers, while the Lumkyns, senior and junior, alternated between the verandah and the dining-room sideboard, with the father and brothers of the said flowers.

"I do not know much of political matters, sir; but what I heard induced me to believe that the sympathies of the people were with Mr. Lincoln's party, and that he would in all probability be elected," answered Margaret quietly.

"Lincoln!" shouted the father of the flowers, much louder than was absolutely necessary or well-bred, but which the late hour and other concomitant causes, perhaps, accounted for. "What! elect that twopenny lawyer! That low, illiterate, raven-haired hoosier, rail-splitter in the office held by Washington and Jefferson and—By G—, madam, that fellow shall never rule the South. No Southern gentleman would hold office under such a scandalous Government. I tell you, young lady, the election of that man will be the deathknell of the Union. By the eternal—, if I thought that the Yankees could so insult us as to dare to elect such an abolition scoundrel as Abe Lincoln to the Presidential chair, I'd go North and pistol the hoosier with my own hand, by—! And let me tell you, young wo—"

The Southern gentleman was evidently, in his enthusiasm for the sacred rights of the South, about to forget himself, for which, in a calmer moment, say just before breakfast, he would really have been sorry.

But Fitzhugh junior, who was in an awfully triple state of mind, between his own Southern heart, the degenerate inclination of that heart toward a Yankee girl and the effect of his sideboard hospitality, here interfered, by vehemently insisting upon the Southern gentlemen's adjourning instantaneously to a game of poker. And, being seconded ably by the colonel, who saw his son's intention, and, besides had no objections to a quiet game of draw for a moderate ante, the father of the twin flowers was silenced, and ushered into the house with the rest of the gentlemen.

We have given the above merely as a sample of the sort of thing that occurred every now and then at the Chase for the next month or so, the variations being unimportant to our story.

Young Fitzhugh's position was by no means enviable at this time.

Just before Miss Lennox's departure for her home visit, he had made her a violent declaration of love for the fifth time, averaging nearly one a month, each time being fortified and elevated to the pitch of eloquence by an unusually copious cippole of julep, or other fluid inspiration of the Bacchic order. Margaret had treated his former protestations with badinage; not unkindly, but with that pitying sort of levity with which a woman, conscious of another love, fostered and repaid in her life, is very apt to treat such a declaration from one who is indifferent to her.

And to give Fitzhugh his due, he had borne these

railleries well enough. But rendered, as he believed, desperate by her approaching departure, and made more daring and passionate by an unusual previous libation, this last declaration was accompanied by a proposition which, though only couched in vague and flowery language (pick d up, probably, by Fitzhugh, in some sensational novel of the French school) and not particularly intelligible, as conveyed "through the glass darkly," by the amorous and bibulous, as well as chivalrous Southern, nevertheless brought the crimson of indignation to the cheek and the eloquence of scorn to the lips of the Yankee girl, with a force and a dignity that fairly sobered and crushed Fitzhugh for the moment.

He hesitated, frowned, bit his lip, and was about to leave the room, but his better nature prevailed, and with the best grace he could he made a really sincere and contrite apology, placing it all to the account of the devil, of love and—julep."

"Nothing but the full knowledge of your present excited condition, sir, could induce me either to forgive you or to remain a single instant longer in this house. Even now, I ought, perhaps, to seek your father and tell him of the insult offered an unprotected girl, his guest, in his own house, by his own son. But, sir," continued Margaret, more calmly, as poor Fitzhugh began to weep—yes, actually to shed tears—"in consideration of the circumstance I have mentioned, and upon your solemn promise never to speak of—of—that is, never to renew a subject to which I cannot listen, even in the remotest manner, I freely consent to forgive you and overlook this most painful and humiliating interview."

Fitzhugh attempted to speak, but she motioned him away, and as soon as he had gone, the poor girl, who had borne herself like Minerva through this scene, sank into a chair, and had a long, bitter, refreshing cry.

Since her return then, Fitzhugh, with his perfidious passion still burning, though under a bushel of stern resolves, self-contemnments for degeneracy, and the like, had kept his promise, but had bidden ten times on the eve of breaking it when the julep was freshly strengthened and largely partaken of. However, he had kept it, and Margaret had seen his efforts and shown him her appreciation of them by her thoughtful kindness of speech and manner toward him.

Fitzhugh wasn't a bad fellow in the main, reader, we assure you, and if he had enjoyed the advantages of mental and moral breeding that our Northern cities and Universities afford, he would have been a clever, gentlemanly, attractive young man.

As it was, he was a very favorable specimen of Southern young chivalry, such as is produced upon inland plantations.

Having thus *posse*d our principal personages, and exhibited the *status quo*, we shall, in the next chapter, make a leap at once into the action of the drama.

## VI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is elected. Fort Sumter is besieged and taken by the rebel Charlestonians. The Norfolk navy yard is seized, and Fort Pickens threatened by a rebel army. The South is insane with the hashish of secession, and Davis and his compees feed the mania with their traitorous drugs and lead the blinded people into their toils.

Northern men, women and children are fleeing for their lives from the Southern madhouse. Many are slain by the way, many die from the deadly sufferings of the road, some are captured and cast into dungeons and loaded with chains; some are driven at the bayonet's point into the rebel battalions; some happily escape all these and are clasped in loving arms at home.

It was at this terrible crisis, while Margaret still remained, anxious and unhappy, at the Chase, hoping, wishing to return home at any risk, but detained by Col. Lumkyn, who, for the sake of his own honor, would not let her go till he had provided a safe and sure means of sending her, and this was not easy then, when Northern ladies and even children were constantly arrested and treated with indignity and insult, on pretence of their carrying information to the Yankee Government. It was at this peculiarly unfortunate crisis that the colonel, who had acquired a sincere liking for Margaret in spite of himself as it were, was suddenly taken ill, and in three days thereafter Fitzhugh Lumkyn, jun., became Fitzhugh Lumkyn, Esq., owner of the Chase and two hundred and twenty mighty likely negroes.

Fitzhugh, jun., had joined the rebel forces before this, and held the position of captain in the Alabama Hyenas, then at Charleston.

As soon as he heard of his father's illness he obtained leave and hastened home, but only arrived in time to mourn the colonel's demise.

It was late on the second night after his father's death that Fitzhugh walked wearily into the moonlit verandah of the Chase. But late as it was, his sister Isabel met him at the door.

"How is the—fath—?" gulped the captain, in a voice struggling between real anxiety and the effects of repeated attempts to seek oblivion in the etc., on his journey. A passionate sob and motion of the hand were the only but all sufficient answer. He went with her into the dining-room silently, opened the sideboard, helped himself to a brimmer of whiskey, drank it in a breath, and threw himself into a chair.

Isabel lay weeping on the sofa, and for full five minutes neither spoke.

Then suddenly Fitzhugh started, as if he just remembered something, and turning to his sister—"Bell," said he, "did he leave any message for me, any—anything you know?"

"He told me to tell you, Fitchew," replied Isabel, sitting up, and speaking firmly, "to spend the last acre, the last servant, the last drop of blood in our cause!"

"And I will, B—! I'll eat the heart of the first Yankee I catch, I will, by—!" cried the captain

with a sanguinary oath, and the tears of whiskey and grief on his cheeks and in his throat.

"But didn't par leave any other word?" asked he again, anxiously.

Miss Isabel's dark eyes flashed fiercely, and her voice was harsh and bitter as she answered:

"He left a message with the Yankee government, I believe. She nursed him with the hope of a legacy, no doubt. But—"

"With Marg—Miss Lennox?" interrupted Fitzhugh, quickly. "Where is she? why don't she—why isn't she here to give it to me? Call her up Bell, I must see her right away!"

The expression of Isabel's face changed into one of triumphant relief, as she said slowly, "She is—gone, thank heaven!"

"Gone?" cried Fitzhugh, leaping up, "gone? Where?—when?—how? Who—who—?" His vehemence choked him so painfully that he was forced to have recourse to the sideboard once more, after which he swore a mighty oath, and was rushing from the room without another question, when his sister stopped him, with—

"She left the message in this note," she said; and taking a note from the mantel, with the tips of her fingers, as if it were red-hot, she handed it to him, adding:

"If it had not been for the words of pa's it contains I'd have thrown the thing in the fire, Fitchew; indeed I would!"

Fitzhugh snatched the paper without a word, and seating himself once more, opened it and began to read.

In a moment he said, "Go away, Bell; go to bed—go 'long! I don't want you hyer!"

She walked petulantly out of the room. This was the note:

MR. FITZHUGH LUMKYN—Sir: The mournful circumstances under which you will receive this note forbid me to speak as severely as I feel. The message given me by your father in his last hours will sufficiently explain my meaning and the course I have taken—the only course in my power to avoid the recurrence of painful scenes, which I refuse to subject myself to.

Had you not forgotten your sacred promise—had you not in your headstrong pursuit of an object utterly beyond your reach, in an unworthy and cruel manner, rendered your father's last moments full of sorrow and anxiety by your mad letter, I should have waived the consideration of my peculiar position here, and awaited your coming, to offer you what consolation or assistance I could at this unhappy time. But you have driven me forth, to seek my way to my kin and country as best I may.

If your sister Isabel had been sincerely anxious that I should remain, perhaps I might even have braved the result, for Eugenie's sake, if not for hers, but—but you will have grief enough to bear, and I will say no more.

I forgive you, and bid you go for ever farewell.

MARGARET LENNOX.

This was your father's message:

"Tell Fitzhugh, Miss Lennox, that if he attempts to renew his suit to you, he does it under my curse; and if by threats, or persuasion, taking advantage of your isolated position among us, or by any unworthy means, he force or induce you to become his wife, he will find that the act makes him a beggar, and my daughters my sole heirs. Tell him he must send you in all honor and safety home, at the earliest possible opportunity, unless you are willing to remain and take care of my two girls during his absence with the army."

You know best why I am unwilling to trust you with the fulfilment of your father's kind, just and honorable intentions toward me.

M. L.

How Fitzhugh passed the remainder of that night no one knew save himself.

But the ear-riest riser in the house found him already booted and spurred, and pacing the verandah with impatient strides.

"Cora," he cried, as that petted servant made her appearance with a pitcher to fill for the young ladies' toilet; "you tell Miss Bell to make a hurry and come down; I want to see her before I go; do you hyer?"

"I hyears you, sure 'nuff, Massa' Fitchew. You nollers loud 'nuff, I reckon," replied the spinster damsel, not in the least dismayed or hastened by the stern tones of her young "lord." In a few moments, however, Isabel made her appearance.

"Bell," said Fitzhugh, in a low, concentrated voice, "you knew of my letter to my father; you knew of—you knew all, and you have driven Margaret Lennox from this house. I am going after her; and if I don't find her, I'll never forgive you, Bell—never, by G—!"

"Fitchew, you're a fool!" replied his sister, angrily. "I never drove her away. You did it yourself by your crazy letter, and I never thought my brother or any other Southern gentleman could be so mean-spirited as to run after a woman who scorned his love, much less when that woman was a Yankee. I am glad she's gone, sir! And if you go in pursuit of her, I will write to Gen. Beauregard the moment you quit this house, and ask him to have you arrested as a traitor to your country. Yes, sir, your own sister will denounce you!"

"Bell," cried the young man, "you are a born devil! But you've met your match! Sam. bring up my horse quick, you lazy nigger, or—Now," he exclaimed, as he vaulted into the saddle, "write to the general, if you dare! But if I come back without Margaret, you shall rue the day, Heaven!"

And he galloped furiously away.

## VII.

THROUGH many a peril, under every insult and brutality that the chivalry have been so brave in heaping upon defenceless Northern women whose evil destiny found amid the highways and byways of the South, since the beginning of this rebellion, Margaret made her painful way toward the border that divides slavery from treason, loyalty and freedom. She was stopped, harassed, threatened at every turning, oftener by her own sex, be it said, than by the ruder part of creation. But here and there she met with kind-hearted helping hands, scattered like oases in the desert.



savage chivalry, and thus she finally arrived, wearied, ill and destitute at a rebel outpost, in a small village, almost within sight of her countrymen's forces.

She had travelled the last twenty miles in the wagon of a kind-hearted old negro, who was bringing provisions to his master, an officer in the Confederate regiment stationed at the hamlet in front of them. During this ride she had scrupulously refrained from talking with the contraband on the subject of freedom, or anything connected with her own case or her feelings on the subject of the war.

But the gray-headed old boy guessed or reckoned pretty shrewdly the state of her case and the thoughts that probably passed through her mind, for, just before reaching the village he said,

"You're mighty nyear your folks now, missus. But you can't git thar 'cept Massa Clem send you frough. I muss take you right to Massa Clem, and you needn't be feared, he's a real gen'l'man, from ole Norf Car'lina, and he'll take kyear of you and sen' you with a flag of truce, de fus' chance, sure."

Margaret felt considerably relieved by the old negro's confident assertion of his master's gentlemanly character and probable conduct, and her heart throbbed more hopefully than it had yet pulsated during her flight. But she only answered,

"I am very glad your master is so good a gentleman, and have no doubt he will treat me with all courtesy. How far are we from his quarters, now?"

"'Bout two miles, missus; you kin see the flag from hyear, over thar,' on de big hill."

"I see it," said Margaret, after a moment's gaze, and they relapsed into silence.

"Do you see dat paff, missus?" asked the old fellow, suddenly, about five minutes after, pointing to a small bridge that led off through a dense wood on the left.

"Certainly," said Margaret, "what of it? Where does it go, my friend?"

"Fren! fren! Ya! ya! Dat's de foss time dat ever a white missus call me her fren," cried the negro, chuckling wonderfully. "Do dey call all the black folks frens up Norf, missus?"

"All the good ones, I hope," replied Margaret.

"Um! um!" murmured the contraband, in a peculiar grunt of combined astonishment and glee. "Well, now, missus, ef I wur to git out of the wagon, and you and me wur to turtle 'long dat paff 'bout five miles, and didn't meet nobody, we'd be out of de woods, sure's you born!"

"What do you mean?" cried the young girl, with a strange thrill at her heart.

"Um! um! I means dat we'd be clean beyon' Massa Clem's sojers, missus; dat's what I means!"

"Let us go—let us go then, my friend!" exclaimed Margaret, starting up from her seat. "Oh, let us go at once!"

"Top, missus!" said the old black man, in a decided but sorrowful voice; "I said ef we didn't meet nobody. But we're sartain sure to meet some of Massa Clem's sojers, I'm feared. An' besides, missus, old Uncle Joe's to ole far freedom now. Massa Clem's a mighty good massa—dough ef I wur 'bout twenty or thirty, now—but I see too ole, missus, too ole!" and he shook his grizzled head with mournful determination.

Margaret still endeavored to persuade Uncle Joe to guide her through the wood, and even resolved to attempt it alone, but at that instant the sound of a horse's hoofs were heard rapidly approaching in their rear, and a voice crying, "Hold up there, for an officer!" at which the negro instantly stopped.

Margaret's first impulse was to leap from the wagon and flee into the forest, for the voice behind her was, alas! the well-known voice of Capt. Fitzhugh Lumkyn. But an instant's thought convinced her of the wild folly of such a course, and she sat still, though with a fast throbbing heart and pallid face, to await the event.

"Hallo, you, boy!" cried the horseman, as he galloped up, "did you meet—oh! Mar—Miss Lennox, by all that's fortunate! Ha! I have had a hard chase, Miss Lennox! but thank God! I have found you at last!"

"A chase, sir?" said Margaret, haughtily, though she trembled excessively. "What right have you, Mr. Lumkyn, to pursue me? Have you forgotten your father's curse; and—my—scorn?" she added, in a firmer tone.

"I have forgotten everything! I care for nothing but my passion for you!" exclaimed Fitzhugh, in a manner and accent which plainly denoted that he had had recourse more than once to his favorite stimulant on the road.

"Get down, sir—to the negro!" and lead my horse, while I drive the lady to—"

"I have no desire—I would much prefer—oh! do not leave me, good friend!" cried Margaret, to Uncle Joe, seizing him by the hand. "Recollect I am under your master's protection, and I have no wish to ride or converse further with that gentleman."

"Dat's a fac, massa," said the old negro, stoutly. "Missus is goin' to my massa—Massa Cunnel Claybun, an' I'm born to drive her thar myself, as he ordered me to do, sure," added he, taking the falsehood on his conscience, bravely.

Fitzhugh's face was inflamed with rage for a moment, and he seemed about to commit some violence on the old man, but checked himself, and riding alongside of the now slowly moving wagon, said, in a pleading tone,

"I am half-crazed, I believe, Miss Lennox, and you must pardon my violence. Will you not?"

No answer.

"I cannot justify even to myself," continued he, bitterly, "the love that you have made my master. My sister Isabel scorns me. I am I not to be pitied Miss Lennox?"

No answer.

"By Heaven!" cried he, breaking out afresh, "Bell was right. I am a fool! But I will not go back the fool I came, on this chase. Margaret, take care! I love you with a love, a passion, that

laughs at obstacles. Clement Claybun is a friend of mine. You shall be my wife yet, or my—I go to prepare for your reception." And putting spurs to his horse he was soon out of sight in a turn of the road.

"Don't you be feared, missus," said Uncle Joe, soothingly, as Margaret hid her face in her hands and sobbed in the pain of bewildering uncertainty: "Don't you mind what he said. He aint no fren' of Massa Clem; I nebber see him afore in my life. An' ef he wur, Massa Clem's a gentleman from ole Norf Car'lina, an' he'll not see no harm come to you, missus, sure's you born!"

As he said this Margaret looked up and saw the first scattered houses of the village before them, with the gray-coated rebel soldiers sauntering about, or flung in groups along the wayside, in the indolent manner peculiar to the lazy habits of the whites in the South.

They had not proceeded far before they were met by a couple of mounted officers, who bowed politely to Margaret, and informed her that they were sent to conduct her to the colonel's quarters. In a few minutes she was in the presence of Col. Claybun.

"Your name, I believe, is Miss Lennox?" said the colonel, a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a pleasant face and affable manner.

Margaret bowed.

"You are endeavoring to reach your people north of our lines?"

"I am, sir; and if you will be kind enough to permit me to pass your outposts here I shall soon reach them, and be ever grateful to you, sir, for your gentlemanly courtesy to an unprotected girl in a strange land."

"I should be most happy to do so, Miss Lennox," said the colonel, hesitating, and evidently embarrassed; "but—have you a pass?"

"I have—that is, I have an order from the commandant of the next station south, to pass me safely through his lines. My departure from Mr. Lumkyn's mansion—of which he has doubtless informed you—was too hurried to enable me to procure a general pass."

"I am—I regret this, Miss Lennox, for I am entirely disposed to aid you—but—my orders are very strict—and—in fact, you are accused of endeavoring to convey secret information to the enemy, and—I must detain you, I fear, until I can communicate with headquarters."

Poor Margaret's heart sank within her at this last, "unkindest blow of all"—coming on the very verge of freedom, to strike her with the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," and she bowed her head in utter dejection.

"Don't be down-hearted, young lady," said the colonel, kindly, "you shall be treated with all courtesy, and"—added he, with a twinkle in his eye—"your sojourn with us will permit a certain recreant cavalier to make good his defection by converting you to our sacred cause."

"Oh, sir!" cried Margaret, starting up, "it is he then, it is Capt. Lumkyn who has used this unmanly method of detaining me, that he may continue his persecution. I beg of you, sir, that if I must be a prisoner, you will forbid his access to my presence. I wish to hear nothing from him. Do you think it chivalrous, sir, to persecute a woman with a suit which she has again and again rejected? My—I am engaged to another, sir."

"Indeed! This puts another face on the matter, Miss Lennox, I confess. Captain—I understood that the unwillingness to bring a sister's anger and a father's disinheritor upon the wooer was the chief cause of your cruel treatment of the cavalier before alluded to."

"And a father's curse, did he not tell you that? But no, sir; were nothing but blessings to greet his triumph, I would not, I could not wed him! And if I have felt some pity for his strange madness, it has left me now, since he has stooped to falsehood and treachery to—"

"Margaret's emotions overcame her exhausted frame, and she sank back in a swoon.

"Your privacy shall be respected, Miss Lennox, and in a couple of days at the furthest, I hope to send you in all safety and honor across our lines." These words, spoken in a cheering, kindly tone, were the first she heard on regaining her senses, and looking round her, she found she had been removed to another chamber, apparently that of one of her own sex, while before her stood Col. Claybun, and her ebony wagoner, Uncle Joe, the latter bearing a tray with what she very much needed—food and wine.

"The young woman to whom this chamber belongs will return this evening, and provide for your accommodation; in the meantime," added the colonel, "I leave you in good hands," and pointing to the old negro, he bowed and left the room.

"Didn't I tell you, missus," said Uncle Joe, triumphantly, "that Massa Clem was a real gen'l'man from ole Norf Car'lina?"

"He is a gentleman," exclaimed Margaret, gratefully, "let him be from what State he may, and I owe you much, my old friend, for bringing me safely to him."

"Oh! dat's nuffin' at all, missus; you call me your fren', you know, an' dat makes us even, I reckon—ya! ya! Now don't be feared, but jest eat on, drink, and let Uncle Joe alone. Nobody shan't come anear you, 'cept Massa Clem says so, I'm bound!"

And with his peculiar chuckle, the old fellow shuffled out of the room.

After partaking of the food and wine with great benefit to her weakened frame, Margaret walked to the window and gazed into the side lane upon which it looked.

But a crowd of lounging rebels had gathered there to get a peep at the Yankee girl, and their derisive and in some cases insulting gestures caused her to beat a hasty retreat; not, however, before she had recognized on the outer verge of the crowd the features of Fitzhugh Lumkyn, with an

expression of moody resolve on them that terrified her.

In the evening the occupant of the chamber returned, and proved to be a good-natured woman of the class "clept" "poor white trash" by the chivalry.

She did what she could, with tolerable grace, to make Margaret comfortable, and left her to repose. After a fervent prayer of gratitude for having at length found kindness and courtesy among her nation's enemies, Margaret laid down, though with the determination not to sleep, for a vague terror of Fitzhugh's countenance still haunted her. But the exhaustion of fatigue and the varied emotions of the day soon overcame her resolution, and she fell into a deep slumber.

(To be continued.)

## BOOK NOTICES.

WEBSTER'S IMPERIAL 8VO. DICTIONARY, with over 10,000 new words. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A work like the present publication needs no recommendation. It is an absolute indispensability to every household. This is certainly the completest edition of the work ever published, and is most elegantly got up. The type is new and distinct. Indeed, every household and every civil, military and commercial establishment ought to have Lippincott's Imperial Webster's Dictionary. In addition to its being the test of orthography, it also contains an immense amount of general information, an Encyclopedia in a shorthand everybody can read.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA. Philadelphia: George Childs.

This is a well-written narrative of McClellan's great Peninsular campaign, told with a fairness quite remarkable in this time of bitter discussion and conflicting strategies. A map of the campaign would have greatly added to the interest. It is, however, too near our own day to judge the military merits of the present unhappy war.

SEVERE WINTERS.—The present winter has been very severe in Spain and Russia, and very mild in England. The following facts in regard to severe cold weather in previous years in Europe are compiled from foreign journals: In 1709 the cold was extensive throughout the whole of Europe; the Adriatic was completely frozen over; a general and destructive famine prevailed; food of the first necessity was at exorbitant prices; at Paris bread made of oat flour was served at the tables of the rich and of princes. Cattle perished from cold and hunger. The crops in the year following were very abundant. In 1748 the thermometer at St. Petersburg fell to 22 deg. below zero Fahrenheit. On the 30th of December the glass fell to nine deg. below zero, and the ice at Brussels was 12 inches thick. In 1784 the cold was excessive, and the army of Gen. Pichegru invaded Holland by crossing the Wahal on the ice. In 1812, a winter rendered memorable from the disasters of the French army in Russia, the thermometer on the 26th of November marked 8.50 deg. below zero. In 1820 the cold in Europe was very rigorous. On the 10th of January the thermometer at Berlin fell to four deg. below zero, and at Brussels to 9.50 below zero. It was in this year that the palace of the Prince of Orange was destroyed by fire. On the 23rd of January, 1823, the thermometer at Brussels fell to 6.25 below zero. In 1845 the winter was long and severe. The thermometer at Berlin fell to 2.50 below zero; Strasbourg, six above zero; Paris, 9.50; and at Brussels it stood at five below zero.

FACTS ABOUT CARDINALS.—The following facts are taken from the "Pontifical Annuary" for 1863: The number of cardinals at present is 59; one created by Leo XII., 17 by Gregory XVI., and 41 by the reigning Pontiff. Of these members of the Sacred College, four are more than 80 years old, 14 above 70, 25 above 70, and 14 above 80; only one, Cardinal Milet, has not reached his 50th year. 11 cardinals' hats are vacant; 62 cardinals have died during Pío Nono's reign. The first and last of these were Frenchmen, Cardinals Bernetti and Morlot. There are three Oriental and seven Latin patriarchs, and an endless series of ecclesiastical provinces of all kinds of rites. All comprised, the Catholic hierarchy consists of 1,088 sees (828 with residences and 264 in partibus), and 145 vicariates, prefectures and delegations. Pío Nono has contributed to this enormous ecclesiastical development by the creation of nine metropolitan sees, four archbishoprics and 85 bishoprics, 42 archbishoprics and 195 bishoprics in partibus, 14 vicariates, one delegation and five prefectures.

VITALITY IN HORSES.—Some experiments have recently been made in France, by persons skilled in the veterinary art, with a view of ascertaining how long horses can live without food in certain contingencies, as, for example, being shut up in beleaguered places. These results have been achieved: A horse may live for 25 days without solid food, and only drink. He may live 17 days without eating or drinking. He can live only five days when consuming solid food without drinking. After taking solid aliment for the space of 10 days, but with an insufficient quantity of drink, the stomach is worn out. The above facts show the importance of water in the sustenance of the horse, and the desire the animal must feel to be supplied with it. A horse which has been deprived of water for the space of three days drank 11 gallons in the space of three minutes.

ENGLISH GOLD AND FRENCH WIT.—Talleyrand had one of the most amusing salons in Paris, for all the politicians and diplomatists of that day were wits and conversationalists. Diplomacy had not then taken the mysterious and sombre aspect it has assumed in modern days, perhaps because in those days it had too much to do, and needed not the affectation of importance; just as, since the invention of telegraphs and railroads, there seems to have been in the political world nothing extraordinary enough to communicate by such a wonderful messenger. In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchess de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which he was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the division of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick. The stakes were gold pieces (Napoleons), but they often reached the sums of thousands of francs. One evening, at the termination of one of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your Excellency about?" said Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon, which has fallen."

"Wait an instant," says Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lips, "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

As he spoke he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astounded ambassador, passing on his hands and knees, and looking up.

"Merely lighting your Excellency," replied Talleyrand. Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

WHY is the letter L, in the word military, like a pretty girl's nose? Because it stands between two "I's."

A COUNTRY girl was split from a wagon at Columbus, Ohio, and had all her finery mused and dirtied. She lay for some time insensible. Her first trembling exclamation on recovering was: "I hope there is no editor in sight!"

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask a doctor how many patients he has killed.

To ask a minister whether he ever did anything wrong.

To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer.

To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents.

To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau.

To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer.

## A DUET.

FRED.

I'm going to be married—a charming young girl! To think of her sets my poor brain in a whirl! She knows French and music—talks sensibly, too; And makes a good pudding!

KATE.

I'm going to be married—a noble young man! Ah, well he knew how my poor heart to trepan! He's courtly and clever, and tender and true, And vows that he loves me—

Do you think he will do it?

Do you think she will do it?

"WHEN I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and its suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and its cheap, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers takes it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

"WHAT are you driving at now," asked we of a friend the other day, whom we met in Fulton street.

"Well, I have just completed a hard four years job," said he, shaking us by the hand.

"How is that?"

"Why, I got married last night. I've worked hard for it four years."

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship-of-war, some 15 or 20 feet, and fell plump on the lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, "where did you come from?"

"I came from old Ireland, your honor," was the reply.

A POOR old bachelor, after coming out of the small end of the horn in all his matrimonial attempts, pathetically exclaims:

"When I remember all the girls I met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall, Exposed to every weather. I feel like one who treads alone Some bannard all deserted, Whose oats is fed, whose hens is dead, And off to market started."

A COTEMPORARY inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives? We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

SHAKESPEARE must have had the following ideas in his mind when he wrote "Sweet are the uses of adversity." "You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Crog-sweepers do not molest you. Boreds do not bore you. Sponges do not haunt your table. Tax-gatherers hurry past your door. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. You are not persecuted to stand godfather. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking: 'Is there any other little article to-day, sir?' Begging letter-writers leave you alone. Importunate know it is useless to bleed you. You practise temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it!"

THE NEW Orleans darkeyes have considerable humor. A correspondent says: "One boatload came alongside our vessel, and at once was greeted with a running fire of interrogatories and epithets. A certain lieutenant distinguished himself by his exploits in this line, but ultimately was put to rout by a sable boatman. Having exhausted his quiver, he borrowed a shaft of more practical character.

"Do you take in washing?" said he. "I want some washing done."

With a broad grin on his upturned countenance, Mr. Sambo replied:

"'Pears you do!"

The hit was obvious, and elicited roars of applause.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY CAR.—Monter—I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am! Affable Young Lady—Oh, never mind, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it.

Monster—No, ma'am, it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me.

"ARE you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?"

"I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

"If I keep on dyeing my whiskers, they'll draft me for under forty-five," said a perplexed citizen; "and if I leave off dyeing 'em, Polly won't have me. Anyhow, I calculate I'm in a tarnation fix, for I hate fighting, and can't give up Polly."

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why, it's an awful smelling thing!"

"Oh, no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply.

"What is it, then?" inquired Cushing.

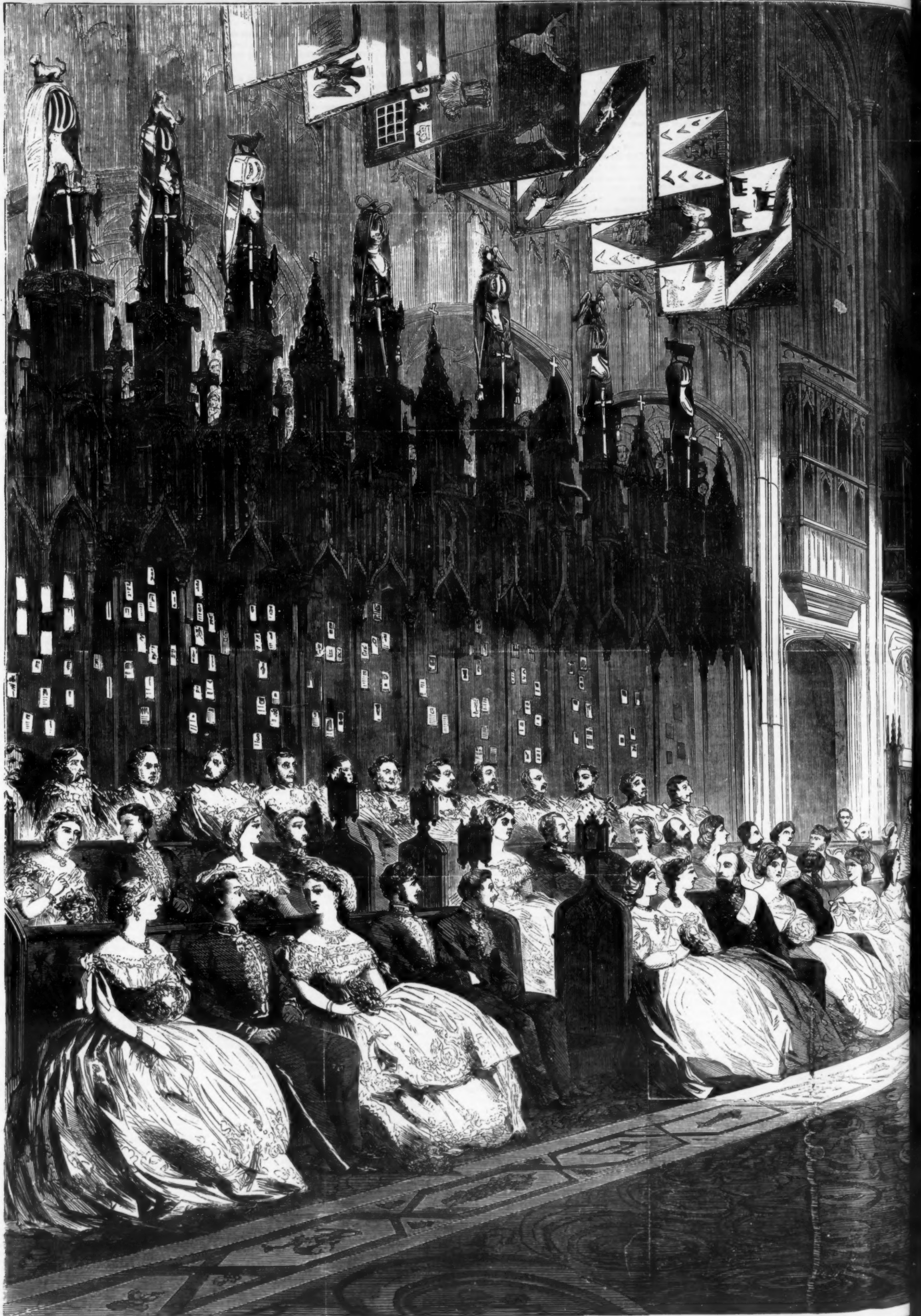
"Why, it's your nose that smells, of course; that's what noses are made for."

THE Charleston Mercury declares that once during the recent controversy between Gens. Hunter and Foster they came to blows, Foster striking Hunter in the face, and the latter retaliating by cutting off Foster's head with a billet of wood.

AMONG the rising physicians of the day, Dr. J. Walter Scott, of the New-York Medical Institute of Electricity and Hygiene, No. 8 Union square, is attracting attention by his success in curing acute and chronic diseases. Some of his remarkable cures have, within a few weeks, been performed on some of our most prominent citizens, and his practice is becoming one of the most extensive in the city.

HARDEN'S EXPRESS.—The oldest Express Company in the country, with its usual enlarged ideas of business, has contributed liberally to the wants of our soldiers in the camp, by reducing their rates at least one half the usual charge. Soldiers should avail themselves of the advantages held out by this company, both for the sake of economy and regularity. Harden's Express is not only the oldest but one of the best-managed mercantile establishments in the world.





THE MARRIAGE OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, OF DENMARK, SOLEMNIZED TUESDAY, MARCH 10, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.





GEORGE CASTLE, ENGLAND—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

(Continued from page 45.)

"You are very anxious to arrive," he said, smiling at her eager face.

"Oh, yes, very anxious, sir. We are nearly there, are we not?"

"Yes, we shall enter the harbor presently. You will have some one to meet you there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," the young lady answered, lifting her arched brown eyebrows, "not at Dieppe. Papa will meet me at Paris; but he could never come all the way to Dieppe, just to take me back to Paris. He could never afford such an expense as that."

"No, to be sure; and you know no one at Dieppe?"

"Oh, no, I don't know any one in all France, except papa."

Her face, bright as it was even in repose, was lit up with a new brightness as she spoke of her father.

"You are very fond of your papa, I think," the Englishman said.

"Oh, yes, I love him very, very much. I have not seen him for more than a year. The journey costs so much between England and France, and I have been at school near London, at Brixton; I dare say you know Brixton; but I am going to France now, for good."

"Indeed! You seem very young to leave school."

"But I'm not going to leave school," the young lady answered, eagerly. "I am going to a very expensive school in Paris, to finish my education; and then—"

She paused here, hesitating and blushing a little.

"And then what?"

"I am going to be a governess. Papa is not rich. He has no fortune now."

"He has had a fortune then?"

"He has had three."

The young lady's gray eyes were lit up with a certain look of triumph as she said this.

"He has been very extravagant, poor dear," she continued, apologetically; "and he has spent three fortunes altogether. But he has been always so courted and admired, you know, that it is not to be wondered at. He knew the Prince Regent, and Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Brummel and the Duke of York, and—oh all sorts of people, ever so intimately; and he was a member of the Beefsteak Club, and wore a silver gridiron in his buttonhole, and he is the most delightful man in society, even now, though he is very old."

"Very old! And you are so young."

The Englishman looked almost incredulously at his animated companion.

"Yes, I am papa's youngest child. He has been married twice. I have no real brothers and sisters. I have only half-brothers and sisters, who don't really and truly care for me, you know. How should they? They were grown up when I was born, and I have scarcely ever seen them. I have only papa in all the world."

"You have no mother, then?"

"No; mamma died when I was three years old."

The Empress packet was entering the harbor by this time. The gray-headed Englishman went away to look after his portmanteau and hatboxes, but he returned presently to the fair-haired school-girl.

"Will you let me help you with your luggage?" he said. "I will go and look after it if you will tell me for what to inquire."

"You are very kind. I have only one box. It is directed to Miss Vane, Paris."

"Very well, Miss Vane, I will go and find your box. Stay," he said, taking out his cardcase, "this is my name, and if you will permit me, I will see you safely to Paris."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

The young lady accepted her new friend's service as frankly as it was offered. He had gray hair, and in that one particular at least resembled her father. That was almost enough to make her like him.

There was the usual confusion and delay at the Custom-house—a little squabbling and a good deal of bribery; but everything was managed, upon the whole, pretty comfortably. Most of the passengers dropped in at the Hôtel de l'Europe, or some of the other hotels upon the stony quay; a few hurried off to the market-place to stare at the cathedral church of Saint Jacques, or the great statue of Abraham Duquesne, the rugged sea-king, with broad-brimmed hat and waving plumes, high boots and flowing hair, and to buy peaches and apricots of the noisy market women. Others wandered in the slimy and slippery fish market, fearfully and wonderingly contemplative of those hideous conger-eels, dogfish and other piscatorial monstrosities which seem peculiar to Dieppe. Miss Vane and her companion strolled into the dusky church of Saint Jacques by a little wooden door in a shady nook of the edifice. A few solitary women were kneeling here and there, half hidden behind their high-backed rush chairs. A fisherman was praying upon the steps of a little chapel, in the solemn obscurity.

"I have never been here before," Miss Vane whispered. "I came by Dover and Calais the last time; but this way is so much cheaper, and I don't mind the long sea voyage a bit. Thank you for bringing me to see this cathedral."

Half an hour after this the two travellers were seated in a first-class carriage, with other railway passengers, French and English, hurrying through the fair Norman landscape.

Miss Vane looked out at the bright hills and woods, the fruitful orchards and white-roofed cottages, so villa-like, fantastical and beautiful; and her face brightened with the brightening of the landscape under the hot radiance of the sun. The gray-headed gentleman felt a quiet pleasure in watching that earnest, hopeful, candid face; the

gray eyes, illumined with gladness; the parted lips, almost tremulous with delight, as the sunny panorama glided by the open window.

The quiet old bachelor's heart had been won by his companion's frank acceptance of his simple service.

"Another girl of her age would have been as frightened of a masculine stranger as of a wild beast," he thought, "and would have given herself all manner of misshapen airs; but this young dame smiles in my face and trusts me with almost infantile simplicity. I hope her father is a good man. I don't much like that talk of Sheridan and Beau Brummel and the Beefsteak Club. No very good school for fathers, that, I should fancy. I wish her mother had been alive, poor child. I hope she is going to a happy home, and a happy future."

The train stopped at Rouen, and Miss Vane accepted a cup of coffee and some *bricoles* from her companion. The red August sunset was melting into gray mistiness by this time, and the first shimmer of the moonlight was silvery on the water as they crossed the Seine and left the lighted city behind them. The gray-headed Englishman fell asleep soon after this, and before long there was a low chorus of snoring, masculine and feminine, audible in the comfortable carriage; only broken now and then, when the train stopped with a jerk at some fantastic village that looked like a collection of Swiss toy cottages in the dim summer night.

But, let these matter-of-fact people snore and slumber as they might, there was no such thing as sleep for Eleanor Vane. It would have been utter a crime to have slept in the face of all that moonlight beauty, to have been carried sleeping through that fairy landscape. The eager schoolgirl's watchful eyes drank in the loveliness of every hill and valley, the low scattered woodland, the wandering streams and that perplexing Seine which the rumbling carriage crossed so often with a dismal hollow sound in the stillness of the night.

No; Miss Vane's bright gray eyes were not closed once in that evening journey; and at last, when the train entered the great Parisian station, when all the trouble and confusion of arrival began—that wearisome encounter of difficulty which makes cowardly travellers wish the longest journey longer than it is—the young lady's head was thrust out of the window, and her eager eyes wandered hither and thither amongst the faces of the crowd.

Yes, he was there—her father. That white-haired old man, with the gold-headed cane and the aristocratic appearance. She pointed him out eagerly to her fellow-passenger.

"That is papa—you see—the handsome man. He is coming this way, but he doesn't see us. Oh, let me out, please; let me go to him!"

She trembled in her eagerness, and her fair face flushed crimson with excitement. She forgot her carpet-bag, her novel, her crochet, her smelling-bottle, her cloak, her parasol—all her paraphernalia; and left her companion to collect them as best he might. She was out of the carriage and in her father's arms she scarcely knew how. The platform seemed deserted all in a moment, for the passengers had rushed away to a great dreary *salle d'attente*, there to await the inspection of their luggage. Miss Vane, her fellow-traveller and her father were almost alone, and she was looking up at the old man's face in the lamplight.

"Papa, dear papa, darling, how well you are looking; as well as ever, as well as ever, I think!"

Her father drew himself up proudly. He was past seventy years of age, but he was a very handsome man. His beauty was of that patrician type which loses little by age. He was tall and broad-chested, erect as a Grenadier, but not fat. The Prince Regent might become corpulent and lay himself open to the insolent sneers of his sometime boon companion and friend; but Mr. George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane held himself on his guard against that insidious foe which steals away the graces of so many elderly gentlemen. Mr. Vane's aristocratic bearing imparted such a stamp to his clothes, that it was not easy to see the shabbiness of his garments. But those garments were shabby; carefully as they had been brushed, they bore the traces of that slow decay which is not to be entirely concealed, whatever the art of the wearer.

Miss Vane's travelling companion saw all this. He had been so much interested by the young lady's frank and fearless manner, that he would fain have lingered in the hope of learning something of her father's character, but he felt that he had no excuse for delaying his departure.

"I wish you good-night, now, Miss Vane," he said, kindly, "since you are safely restored to your papa."

Mr. Vane lifted his gray eyebrows, looked at his daughter interrogatively, rather suspiciously, the traveller thought.

"Oh, papa, dear," the young lady answered, in reply to that questioning look, "this gentleman was on board the boat with me, and he has been so very kind."

She searched in her pocket for the card which her acquaintance had given her, and produced that document, rather limp and crumpled. Her father looked at it, murmured the name inscribed upon it twice or thrice, as if trying to attach some importance thereto, but evidently failed in doing so.

"I have not the honor of—a—haw—knowing this name, sir," he said, lifting his hat stiffly about half a yard from his silvered head; "but for your courtesy and kindness to my child, I hope you will accept my best thanks. I was prevented by important business of—a—haw—not altogether un-diplomatic character—from crossing the Channel to fetch my daughter; and—aw—also—prevented from sending my servant—by—aw—I thank you for your politeness, sir. You are a stranger, by the way. Can I do anything for you in Paris? Lord Cowley is my very old friend; any service that I can render you in that quarter—I—"

The traveller bowed and smiled.

"Thank you very much," he said, "I am no

stranger in Paris. I will wish you good-night; good-night, Miss Vane."

But Mr. Vane was not going to let his daughter's friend off so easily. He produced his cardcase, murmured more pompous assurances of his gratitude, and tendered further offers of patronage to the quiet traveller, who found something rather oppressive in Mr. Vane's civility. But it was all over at last, and the old man led his daughter off to look for the trunk which contained all her worldly possessions.

The stranger looked wistfully after the father and child.

"I hope she may have a happy future," he thought, rather despondingly; "the old man is poor and pompous. He tells lies which brings hot blushes into his daughter's beautiful face. I am very sorry for her."

## CHAPTER II.—THE ENTRESOL IN THE RUE L'ARCHEVEQUE.

MR. VANE took his daughter away from the station in one of those secondary and cheaper vehicles which are distinguished by the discriminating Parisian by some mysterious difference of badge. The close, stifling carriage rattled over the uneven stones of long streets which were unfamiliar to Eleanor Vane, until it emerged into the full glory of the lighted Boulevard. The light-hearted schoolgirl could not suppress a cry of rapture as she looked once more at the broad thoroughfare, the dazzling lamps, the crowd, the theatres, the cafés, the beauty and splendor, although she had spent her summer holiday in Paris only a year before.

"It seems so beautiful again, papa," she said, "just as if I'd never seen it before; and I'm to stop here now, and never, never to leave you again, to go away for such a cruel distance. You don't know how unhappy I've been, sometimes, papa dear. I wouldn't tell you then, for fear of making you uneasy; but I can tell you now, now that it's all over."

"Unhappy!" gasped the old man, clenching his fist, "they've not been unkind to you—they've not dared—"

"Oh, no, dearest father; they've been very, very good. I was quite a favorite, papa. Yes, though there were so many rich girls in the school, and I was only a half-boarder, I was quite a favorite with Miss Bennet and Miss Lavinia; though I know I was careless and lazy sometimes—not on purpose, you know, papa, for I tried hard to get on with my education, for your sake, darling. No, everybody was very kind to me, papa; but I used to think sometimes how far I was from you—what miles and miles and miles of sea and land there were between us, and that if you should be ill—I—"

Eleanor Vane broke down, and her father clasped her in his arms and cried over her silently. The tears came with very little provocation to the old man's handsome blue eyes. He was of that sanguine temperament which to the last preserves the fondest delusions of youth. At seventy-five years of age he hoped and dreamed and deluded himself as foolishly as he had done at seventeen. His sanguine temperament had been for ever leading him astray for more than sixty years. Severe judges called George Vane a liar; but perhaps his shallow romances, his pitiful boast, were very often highly-colored versions of the truth, rather than actual falsehoods.

It was past twelve o'clock when the carriage drove away from the lights and splendor into the darkness of a labyrinth of the quiet streets behind the Madeleine. The Rue l'Archevêque was one of these dingy and quiet streets, very narrow, very close and stifling in the hot August midnight. The vehicle stopped abruptly at a corner, before a little shop, the shutters of which were closed, of course, at this hour.

"It's a butcher's shop, I am sorry to say, my love," Mr. Vane said, apologetically, as he handed his daughter on to the pavement; "but I find myself very comfortable here, and it is conveniently adjacent to the Boulevards."

The old man paid the driver, who had deposited mademoiselle's box upon the threshold of the little door beside the butcher's shop. The *pour-boire* was not a very large one, but Mr. Vane bestowed it with the air of a prince. He pushed open the low door, and took his daughter into a narrow passage. There was no porter or portress, for the butcher's shop and the apartments belonging to it were abnormal altogether; but there was a candle and box of matches on a shelf in a corner of the steep corkscrew staircase. The driver carried Eleanor's box as far as the *entresol*, in consideration of his *pour-boire*, but departed while Mr. Vane was opening the door of an apartment facing the staircase.

The *entresol* consisted of three little rooms, opening one out of another, and so small and low that Miss Vane almost fancied herself in a doll's house. Every article of furniture in the stifling little apartment bore the impress of its nationality. Tawdry curtains of figured damask, resplendent with dirty tulips and monster roses, tarnished ormolu mouldings, a gilded clock with a cracked dial and broken shade, a pair of rickety bronze candlesticks, a couple of uncompromising chairs covered with dusty green velvet and relieved by brass-headed nails, and a square table with a long trailing cover of the same material as the curtains completed the adornments of the sitting-room. The bedchambers were smaller, closer and hotter; voluminous worsted curtains falling before the narrow windows and smothering the little beds, made the stifling atmosphere yet more stifling. The low ceilings seemed to rest on the top of poor Eleanor's head. She had been accustomed to large, airy rooms, and broad, uncurtained open windows.

"How hot it is here, papa," she said, drawing a long breath.

"It always is hot in Paris at this time of year, my dear," Mr. Vane answered. "The rooms are small you see, but convenient. That is to be your bedroom, my love," he added, indicating one of the little chambers.

He was evidently habituated to Parisian lodging-houses, and saw no discomfort in the tawdry grandeur, the shabby splendor, the pitiful attempt to substitute scraps of gilding and patches of velvet for the common necessities and decencies of life.

"And now let me look at you, my dear—let me look at you, Eleanor."

George Mowbray Vane set the candlestick upon the rusty velvet cover of the low mantelpiece, and drew his daughter towards him. She had thrown off her bonnet and loose gray cloak, and stood before her father in her scanty muslin frock, with all her auburn hair hanging about her face and shoulders, and glittering in the dim light of that one scrap of wax candle.

"My pet, how beautiful you have grown, how beautiful!" the old man said, with an accent of fond tenderness. "We'll teach Mrs. Bannister a lesson some of these days, Eleanor. Yes, our turn will come, my love; I know that I shall die a rich man."

Miss Vane was accustomed to hear this remark from her father. She inherited something of his sanguine nature, and she loved him very dearly, so she may be forgiven if she believed in his vague visions of future grandeur. She had never seen anything in her life but chaotic wrecks of departed splendor, confusion, debt and difficulty. She had not been cuffed upon the face poverty in the fair hand-to-hand struggle which ennobles and elevates the sturdy wrestler in the battle of life. No, she had rather been compelled to play at hide-and-seek with the grim enemy. She had never gone out into the open, and looked her foe full in the eyes, hardy, resolute, patient and steadfast. She was familiar with all those debasing tricks and pitiful subterfuges whereby the weak and faint-hearted seek to circumvent the enemy; but she had never been taught the use of those measures by which he may be honestly beaten.

The Mrs. Bannister of whom George Vane had spoken, was one of his elder daughters, who had been very, very ungrateful to him, he declared, and who now, in his old age, doled him out the pitiful allowance which enabled him to occupy an *entresol* over a butcher's shop, and dine daily at one of the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal.

Mr. Vane was wont to lament his daughter's cruel lack of affection in very bitter language, freely interspersed with quotations from "King Lear;" indeed I believe he considered his case entirely parallel with that of the injured British monarch and father, ignoring the one rather important fact that, whereas Lear's folly had been the too generous division of his own fortune between his recreant daughters, his weakness had been the reckless waste and expenditure of the portions which his children had inherited from their mother.

Mrs. Bannister, instigated thereto by her husband, had protested some years before against the several acts of folly and extravagance by which the fortune which ought to have been hers had been fooled away. She declined to allow her father more than the pittance alluded to above, although, as she was now a rich widow, and entirely her own mistress, she might have done much more.

"Yes, my darling," Mr. Vane said, as he proudly contemplated his youngest child's beauty, "we will turn the tables upon Mrs. Bannister and the rest of them, yet, please God. My Benjamin, my youngest, brightest darling, we'll teach them a lesson. They may poke their old father away in a foreign lodging, and stint him of money for any little innocent pleasure; but the day will come, my love—the day will come."

The old man nodded his head two or three times with solemn significance. I don't think his daughter had the remotest idea what vision it was that lured him onward through all present miseries, cheating him with some shadowy hope, far away in the future. I think that even he could scarcely have explained what it was he looked forward to in the day that was to come; but the sanguine, impulsive nature, dwarfed and fettered by the cruel bonds of poverty, was too elastic to be entirely repressed even by those galling chains; and having hoped all his life, and having enjoyed such successes and good fortune as fell to the lot of very few men, he went on hoping in his old age, blindly confident that some unlooked-for and undreamed-of revolution in the wheel of life would lift him out of his obscurity and set him again on the pinnacle he had once occupied so proudly.

He had had a host of friends and many children, and he had squandered more than one fortune, not being any more careful of other people's money than of his own; and now, in his poverty and desolation, the child of his old age was the only one who clung to him and loved him and believed in him; the only one whom he loved, perhaps, truly and unreservedly, though he wept frequently over the ingratitude of the others. It may be that Eleanor was the only one whom he could love with any comfort to himself, because the only one he had never injured.

"But, papa, dear," this youngest and best loved of the old man's children pleaded, gently, "Mrs. Bannister, Hortensia, has been very good—has she not?—in sending the money for my education at Madame Marly's, where she was finished herself. That was very generous of her, wasn't it, papa?"

Mr. Vane shook his head, and lifted his gray eyebrows with a deprecating expression.

"Hortensia Bannister can't perform a generous act in a generous manner, my dear. You recognise the viper by the reptile's sting; you may recognise Hortensia in pretty much the same manner. She gives, but she insults the recipients of her—ahem—bounty. Shall I read you her letter, Eleanor?"

"If you please, dear papa."

The young lady had seated herself in a somewhat hoydenish manner upon the elbow of her father's chair, and had wound her soft round arm about his neck. She loved him and believed in him. The world which had started and admired him while



he had money, and could boast such acquaintance as the Prince and Sheridan, Sir Francis Boddett, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Pitt and the Duke of York, had fallen away from him of late; and the few old associates who yet remained of that dead-and-gone cycle were apt to avoid him, influenced, perhaps, by the recollection of small loans of an occasional five pound note, and "a little silver," which had not been repaid. Yes, the world had fallen away from George Mowbray Vandeleur Vane, once of Vandeleur Park, Cheshire, and Mowbray Castle, near York. The tradesmen who had helped to squander his money had let him get very deep in their books before they closed those cruel ledgers and stopped all supplies. He had existed for a long time—he had lived as a gentleman, he said himself—upon the traditions of the past, the airy memories of the fortunes he had wasted. But this was all over now, and he had emigrated to the city in which he had played the Grand Seigneur in those glorious early days of the Restoration, and he was compelled to lead a low and vulgar life, disgracing himself by pettifoggery ready-money dealings, utterly degrading to a gentleman.

He could not bring himself to own that he was better and happier in this new life, and that it was pleasant to be able to walk erect and defiant upon the Boulevards, rather than to be compelled to plunge down dark alleys, and dive into sinuous byways, for the avoidance of importunate creditors, as he had been in free England.

He took his wealthy daughter's letter from the breast-pocket of his coat; a fashionable coat, though shabby now, for it had been made for him by a sentimental German tailor, who had wept over his late patron's altered fortunes, and given him credit for a suit of clothes. That compassionate German tailor never expected to be paid; and the clothes were a benefaction, a gift as purely and generously given as any Christian dole offered in the holy name of charity; but Mr. Vane was pleased with the fiction of an expected payment, and would have revolted against the idea of receiving a present from a good-natured tradesman.

The letter from Hortensia Bannister was not a long one. It was written in sharp and decisive paragraphs, and in a neat, firm hand. Rather a cruel-looking hand, Eleanor Vane thought.

The old man put a double gold eyeglass over his nose, and began to read.

"Hyde Park Gardens, August 13, 1853.

"MY DEAR FATHER—In compliance with your repeated solicitations I have determined upon taking measures by which I hope the future welfare of your youngest daughter may be secured.

"I must, however, remind you that Eleanor Vane and I are the children of different mothers; that she has therefore less claim upon me than a sister usually has; and I freely confess that I never heard of one sister being called upon to provide for another.

"You must also remember that I never entertained any degree of friendship or affection for Eleanor's mother, who was much below you in station—"

Eleanor started; she was too impetuous to listen quite passively to this letter. Her father felt the sudden movement of the arm about his neck.

"Your mother was an angel, my dear," he said; "and this woman is—never mind what. My daughters chose to give themselves airs to your poor mother because she had been their governess, and because your father had failed as a sugar-broker."

He went back to the letter, groping nervously for the place at which he had left off, with the point of his well-shaped finger.

"And who was also the indirect cause of injury to myself and my sisters, as she participated in the extravagant expenditure of at least some part of the money which by every legal and moral claim belonged to us.

"But you tell me that you have no power to make any provision whatsoever for your daughter, and that, unless I assist you, this unhappy girl may, in the event of your death, be flung penniless upon the world, imperfectly educated, and totally incompetent to get her living."

"She speaks of my death very freely," the old man murmured, "but she's right enough. I shan't trouble anybody long, my dear; I shan't trouble anybody long."

The tender arms wound themselves closely about George Vane's neck.

"Papa, darling," the soft voice whispered, "you have never troubled me. Don't go on with that horrid letter, papa. We won't accept any favors from such a woman."

"Yes, yes, my love, for your sake; if I stoop it is for your sake, Eleanor."

The old man went on reading.

"Under these circumstances," the writer continued, "I have come to the following determination. I will give you a hundred pounds, to be paid to Madame Marly, who knows you, and has received a great deal of money from you for my education and that of my sisters, and who will, therefore, be inclined to receive Eleanor upon advantageous terms. For this sum of money Madame Marly will, I feel assured, consent to prepare my half-sister for the situation of governess in a gentleman's family; that is, of course, premising that Eleanor has availed herself conscientiously of the advantages afforded her by her residence with the Misses Bennett."

"I shall write to Madame Marly by this post, using my best influence with her for Eleanor's benefit; and, should I receive a favorable reply to this letter, I will immediately send you a hundred pounds, to be paid by you to Madame Marly."

"I do this in order that you may not appear to my old instructors—who remember you as a rich man—in the position of a pauper; but in thus attempting to spare your feelings, and perhaps my own, I fear that I run some risk."

"Let me therefore warn you that this money is the last I will ever pay for my half-sister's benefit. Squander or misuse it if you please. You have robbed me often, and would not perhaps hesitate to do so again. But bear in mind, that this time it is Eleanor you will rob and not me."

"The only chance she will have of completing her education is the chance I now give her. Rob her of this and you rob her of an honorable future. Deprive her of this and you make yourself an-

swerable for any misfortunes which may befall her when you are dead and gone.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, or even unduly; my excuse lies in your past follies. I have spoken strongly because I wished to make a strong impression, and I believe that I have acted for the best."

"Once for all, remember that I will attend to no future solicitations on Eleanor's behalf. If she makes good use of the help I now afford her, I may perhaps be tempted to render her further service—unsolicited—in the future. If she or you make a bad use of this one chance, I wash my hands of all concern in your future miseries."

"The money will be made payable at Messrs. Blount's, Rue de la Paix."

"I trust you attend the Protestant Church in the Rue Rivoli."

"With the best wishes for your welfare, temporal and eternal."

"I remain, my dear father,

"Your affectionate daughter,

"HORTENSIA BANNISTER."

George Vane burst into tears as he finished the letter. How cruelly she had stabbed him, this honorable, conscientious daughter, whom he had robbed certainly, but in a generous, magnanimous, reckless fashion, that made robbery rather a princely virtue than a sordid vice. How cruelly the old heart was lacerated by that bitter letter!

"As if I would touch the money," cried Mr. Vane, shaking his trembling hands to the low ceiling with a passionate and tragic gesture.

"Have I been such a wretch to you, Eleanor, that this woman should accuse me of wishing to snatch the bread from your innocent lips?"

"Papa, papa!"

"Have I been an unnatural father, such a traitor, liar, swindler, and cheat, that my own daughter should say these things to me?"

His voice rose higher with each sentence, and the tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks.

Eleanor tried to kiss away those tears, but he pushed her from him with passionate vehemence.

"Go away from me, my child, I am a wretch, a robber, a scoundrel, a—"

"No, no, no, papa," cried Eleanor, "you are all that is good—you have always been good to me, dear, dear papa."

"By what right then does this woman insult me with such a letter as that?" asked the old man, drying his eyes, and pointing to the crumpled letter which he had flung upon the ground.

"She has no right, papa," answered Eleanor.

"She is a wicked, cruel woman. But we'll send back her money. I'd rather go out into the world at once, papa, and work for you. I'd rather be a dressmaker. I could learn soon if I tried very hard. I do know a little about dressmaking."

I made this dress, and it fits very well, only I cut out both the backs for one side, and both sleeves for one arm, and that wasted the stuff you know, and made the skirt a little scanty. I'd rather do anything, papa, than accept this money—I would indeed. I don't want to go to this grand Parisian school, except to be near you, papa, darling. That was the only thing I ever cared for. The Miss Bennetts would take me as a pupil teacher, and give me fifteen pounds a year, and I'd send every shilling of it to you, papa, and then you needn't live over a wretched shop where the meat smells nasty in the warm weather. We won't take the money, will we, papa?"

The old man shook his head, and made a motion with his lips and throat, as if he had been gulping down some bitter draught.

"Yes, my dear," he said, in a tone of ineffable resignation; "for your sake I would suffer many humiliations; for your sake I will endure this. We will take no notice of this woman's letter; though I could write her a reply that—but no matter. We will let her insolence pass, and she shall never know how keenly it has stung me here, here!"

He tapped his breast as he spoke, and the tears rose again to his eyes.

"We will accept this money, Eleanor," he continued; "we will accept her bounty: and the day may come when you will have ample power to retaliate—ample power, my dear. She has called me a thief, Eleanor," exclaimed the old man, suddenly returning to his own wrongs—"a thief! My own daughter has called me a thief, and accused me of the baseness of robbing you."

"Papa, papa, darling!"

"As if your father could rob you of this money, Eleanor; as if I could touch a penny of it. No, so help me heaven! not a penny of it to save me from starving."

His head sank forward upon his breast, and he sat for some minutes muttering to himself in broken sentences, as if almost unconscious of his daughter's presence. In that time he looked older than he had looked at any moment since his daughter had met him at the station. Looking at him now, wistfully and sorrowfully, Eleanor Vane saw that her father was indeed an old man, vacillating and weak of purpose, and with ample need of all the compassionate tenderness, the fond affection which overflowed her girlish heart as she looked at him. She knelt down on the slippery oaken floor at his feet, and took his tremulous hand in both of hers.

He started as she touched him, and looked at her.

"My darling," he cried, "you've had nothing to eat; you've been nearly an hour in the house, and you've had nothing to eat. But I've not forgotten you, Nell—you'll find I've not forgotten you."

He rose from his chair, and went over to a buffet, from which he took a couple of plates and tumblers, some knives and forks, and two or three parcels wrapped in white paper, and neatly tied with narrow red tape. He put these on the table, and going a second time to the buffet produced a pint bottle of claret, in a basket; very dusty and cobwebby; and therefore, no doubt, very choice.

The white paper parcels contained very recherché comestibles. A slender wedge of truffled turkey, some semi-transparent slices of German sausage, and an open plum tart, with a great deal of rich ruby-colored syrup, and an utterly unseizable crust.

Miss Vane partook very freely of this little collation, praising her father for his goodness and indulgence as she ate the simple feast he had prepared for her. But she did not like the Burgundy in the dusty basket, and preferred to drink some water out of one of the toilette bottles.

Her father, however, enjoyed the pint of good wine, and recovered his equanimity under its generous influence. He had never been a drunkard; he had indeed one of those excitable natures which cannot endure the influence of strong drinks, and a very little wine had considerable effect upon him.

He talked a good deal, therefore, to his daughter, told her some of his delusive hopes in the future, tried to explain some of the plans which he had formed for his and her advancement, and was altogether very happy and social. The look of age which had been so strong upon him half an hour before faded out like a gray morning shadow under the broadening sunlight. He was a young man again, proud, hopeful, defiant, handsome, ready to run through three more fortunes, if they should fall to his lot.

It was past two o'clock when Eleanor Vane lay down, thoroughly exhausted, but not weary—she had one of those natures which seem never to grow weary—fall asleep for the first time in four and twenty hours.

Her father did not quite so quickly fall into a peaceful slumber. He lay awake for upwards of an hour, tumbling and tossing to and fro upon the narrow spring mattress, and muttering to himself.

And even in his sleep, though the early summer dawn was gray in the room when he fell into a fitful and broken slumber, the trouble of his eldest daughter's letter was heavy upon him, for every now and then he muttered disjunctively—

"Thief—swindler. As it—as if—I would—rob—my own daughter."

(To be continued.)

## SERVIAN GIPSIES.

The Gipsies are a very numerous body in Servia. They are met with in all parts of the country; and the energetic part which they took during the war with Turkey, and the services which they rendered to the national cause, have tended to give them a higher position here than in most other countries in Europe. They are mostly members of the Greek Church, frequenting the churches like the other inhabitants of the country, and are altogether of more settled habits than gipsies in general, though they are still reckoned a class apart from either the Wallachians or the Servians, and are especially excluded from the suffrage. On the borders of Turkey many of the Gipsy bands profess the Mohammedan faith. These people are the charcoal-burners, the tanners and smiths, the basket-makers and trinket-vendors as well as the musicians of Servia. In the winter months they collect in the towns, but in the summer time they resort to more congenial haunts, and are chiefly to be found in the recesses of the forest.

The dress of this people, but more especially that of the women, is almost identical with that which, from the paintings in the tombs of Thebes, we know to have been the dress of the people of old Egypt, by many presumed to have been the native place of the Gipsies. The head dress especially bears the closest resemblance to that which is found in the paintings from Egypt preserved in the British Museum. In complexion they are as dark as the Hindoos or Nubians, and their bronze figures, when the naked gipsy children can now be seen, in the summer time, and when they are in their homes in the woods, not the children only but the adults also, throw off the cumbersome and useless garb of civilized life, and roam about completely naked—wonderful models for the painter or sculptor.

ANECDOTE OF ELLISTON.—Mr. Elliston had advertised for his benefit in the city of Worcester an extraordinary display of fireworks, comets with tails and fixed stars without them—lions ravenous and boisterous—gorgeous—squirrels, crackers, wheels and whirrigs, were to be seen in all the glory of the pyrotechnical art. Whether he had ever seriously contemplated their introduction, whether there was any difficulty in procuring them, or whether, having assured himself, by their announcement, of a crowded auditory, this deponent saith not; but, certes, they never made their appearance on that stage. Mr. Elliston persuaded his landlord, a man much respected in Worcester, to lease his flat against any such exhibition, as calculated to vitiate against his insurance, and to endanger the lives of the king's subjects. The good easy man falling into the trap, went to the theatre with a party, chiefly to hear the manager's explanation; when, to his horror and astonishment, Elliston placed the entire onus on his shoulders, and called on him by name to verify his assertion from the box he was sitting in, at the same time lauding him highly for his promptitude and precaution. He wound up his address in a tone of peculiar conciliation and bombast, which no other mortal could adopt, with, "But—as if at least he was going to give them all their money back again—But, ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to say I have given directions to make up for any disappointment you may have experienced. "Band"—looking down and pointing his finger, with an assumption of great authority, to three wretched fiddlers in the orchestra—"Band, play up 'God Save the King'—directly!" The old ladies thanked him for his attention to the state of their nerves, while the younger branches of their families were disposed to believe and acquiesce in the propriety of every word he uttered. The ignorant applauded him for the specious manner in which he had accounted for the omission of the particular amusement they had come to see, and the knowing ones roared outright at the back-slap impudence. The result was not merely exculpation, but enthusiastic approbation. There has been nothing like this since the days of Calphurn.

FEARFUL CALAMITY IN ITALY.—The town of Locarno is one of those pretty little half Italian, half Swiss towns which line the North-west shores of the Lago Maggiore. The church, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its colored marbles and its quaint old frescoes by Luzzi, is the one sight of the little city. On Sunday, the 9th of January, there was present in that church a congregation, composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men lounging about the piazza pointed out to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. Suddenly there was a dead, heavy fall. "Evidently," they said, "another distant avalanche;" and then a scream and murmur of great horror which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot, and found a scene horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn-out building. The whole dome gave way and fell on the congregation then kneeling in prayer. In that position 23 female corpses were found, after the ruins had been cleared by the inhabitants. One, a bride of 20 years of age, named Bono, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with some hopes of recovery, but she had broken one arm and both legs. One old man alone perished among 63 women who fell victims to this awful ruin.

## THE LOVE OF THE LION.

IN one compartment of the cage in which the animals perform at Van Amburgh's beautiful menagerie, is a huge, tawny Asiatic lion. His mate is a black female tiger. This tigress is small compared to the regal lion, but is highly valued as a zoological curiosity, and the only specimen of the black tiger in this country. She was purchased by Mr. Van Amburgh two years ago, and has lived with the lion ever since. The attachment between the two is remarkable. When other animals are in the same cage, and any affront is offered to the lion or tigress, she runs under the lion and wags her tail, as if to say, "dare approach her. No matter how hungry he may be, the lion never touches her share of their daily meal until his little cub has selected her share, and even then he never enters the cage until certain that she has enough."

All the animals are as tame as mice; but this black tigress is as fierce as a lioness. She has been twice removed from the lion, but, until she has returned, the generous beast would take neither food nor rest, while the frantic manner in which he dashed at the bars was a sufficient warning that the further temptation of the tigress could be a dangerous matter. Should his mate die the lion would probably pine to death. Once, when she was taken away, a lioness, who was substituted, broke her spine and crushed some of her ribs. Careful nursing saved her life, and she is still living, but with her hinder parts immovably paralyzed.

A deed of almost unprecedented daring took place recently in one of the railway carriages on the Turin and Genoa line. Four persons had taken their seats at Alessandria for Genoa in a second-class carriage. They were a Government official for Novara, two women and a merchant named Bossi, who had transacted business at Alessandria and was on his way home with a considerable sum of money. Between Alessandria and Novi is the little station of Frugorolo, when four more passengers got in. The train had not proceeded many minutes when these four latter attacked the four former with knives, robbed them of all they possessed, and escaped from the cars which were going at their usual speed.

An amusing blunder recently happened in England. The Bishop of Oxford and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were passengers from London, and as his grace was on a country visit to Cromer, he was supplied with an unusually large quantity of luggage, and as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were to give representations of their editorialism at the theatre, their boxes were nearly as numerous. At the station, by a blunder of the servants in attendance, the luggage (being in the same van) got hopelessly mixed, and a portion of Mr. Howard Paul's was sent to the lodgings of his grace, while a large portion of the bishop's found its way to the theatre. The exchange was soon rectified, however; but it must ruffled the serene temper of even a bishop to have seen a great box carted up to his door with the words, "Blue Beard" on it in large staring letters.

The Chicago Tribune says: "The opening of the Clinton and Cedar Rapids railroad to Marshalltown came off on the 10th March. Marshalltown is in the centre of Iowa, 280 miles west of Chicago. Iowa has been doing considerable in the railroad line during the past year, notwithstanding she has sent her sons so freely to the battle for the Union. Her roads are continually stretching westward, and her four great lines destined for the Missouri have all been extended. The Dubuque and Sioux City (the most northerly) now reaches Cedar Falls, 100 miles from the Mississippi; the Clinton and Nebraska, Marshalltown, 180 miles; the Mississippi and Missouri, Grinnell, 125 miles; and the Burlington and Missouri, Ottumwa, 92 miles. These roads are extensions, respectively, of the Chicago and Galena, Chicago and Lyons, Chicago and Rock Island and of the Chicago and Burlington. These four lines now extend, in the aggregate, 1,844 miles west of us, thus opening up a vast extent of the West to the trade and commerce of Chicago."

Mrs. Gaskell, the author of that wretched dreariness, "A Dark Night's Work," has published another dismal tale, called "Sylvia's Lovers." Mrs. Gaskell is an admirable biographer, and nothing more. Michael's last enormity, or sensation novel, is called "La Sordide." It is said to out-Michael Michelet. Robert B. is about to publish a book called "The Town Life of the Restoration."

The Spenserian stanza has just been naturalized in Germany for the first time. Prof. Bodenstedt has translated it in the second marriage of the Czar Ivan the Terrible; and though the quantity of double rhymes necessary in German poetry has a very different effect from "The Faerie Queene" or "Child Harold," the success of the experiment is said to have been perfect.

The foreign papers have a touching incident about Poland. A little boy was standing at the door of his mother's house when he saw the Russians fire a volley on the insurgents. "Mother," cried the boy, "the Holy Virgin protects our friends; for I saw none of them hurt." A Russian officer rode up and said: "See if the Holy Virgin will protect you," at the same time blowing out the boy's brains with a pistol.

Workmen, digging up the foundations of the East India House in London, have come upon the floor and walls of a Roman house, the floor lying at a depth of nearly 20 feet below the level of the modern street. The floor was in perfect preservation, and was formed of tesserae of about a quarter of an inch square, black, white and red, and arranged in no very intelligible pattern. The walls, which were two feet thick, remained on one side to a height of between three and four feet, and the stucco and fresco painting on the inner surface were unbroken. It appeared to have been painted in panels, in a rather rude design.

A Western war says: "Gen. Blunt's strategy is in three parts: first, finding where the enemy are; second, immediately sending a bombshell at them; third, going himself to see where it struck."

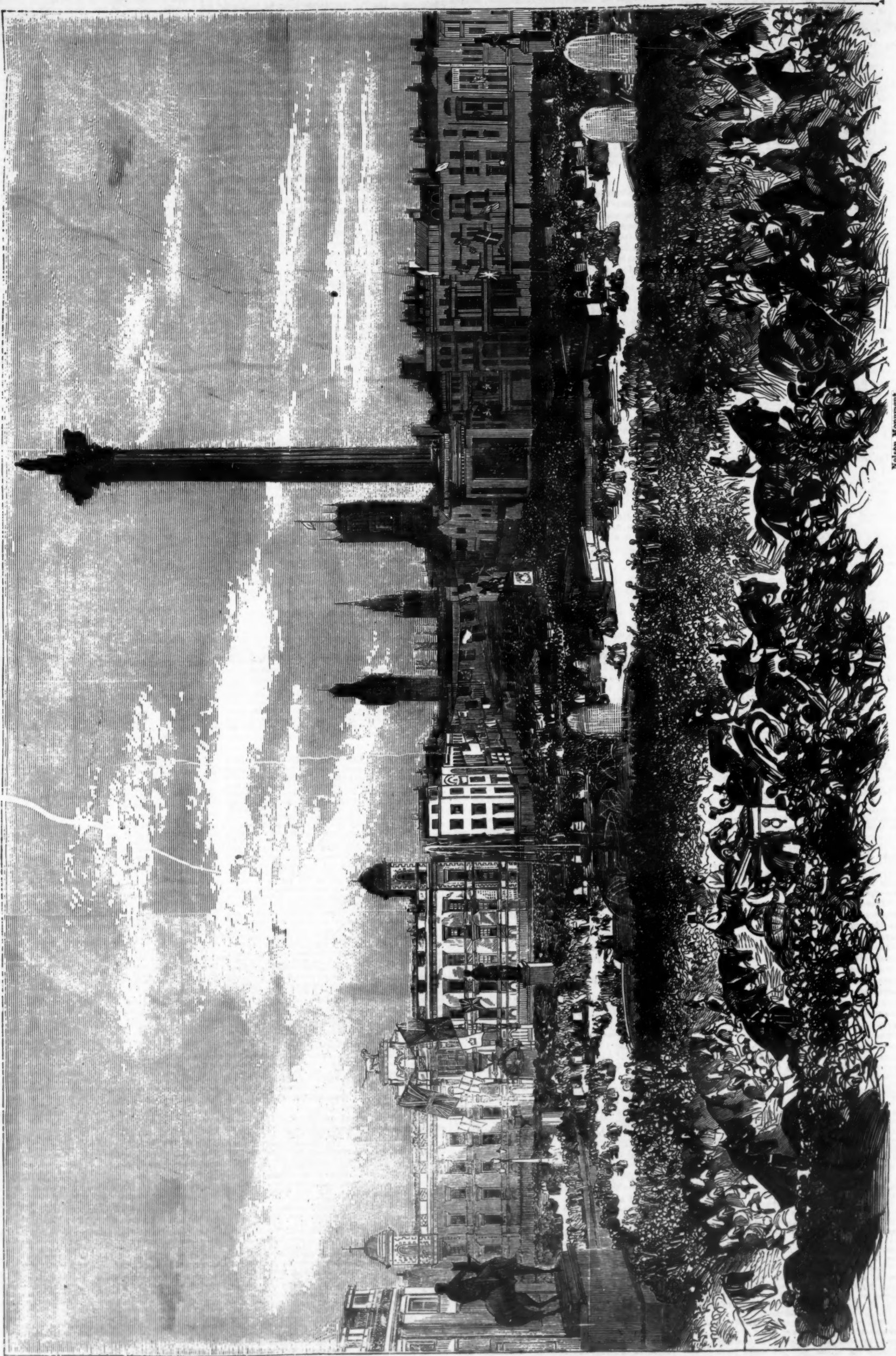
Superintendent Kennedy has submitted his quarterly report to the Metropolitan Police Board, in which he shows the total force of the Police Department to be 2,550 men. He refers to the insufficiency of the Brooklyn force, and says that the recent robberies and cases of violence committed have been beyond the power of the police force to prevent. The whole number of arrests made during the three months is 19,170. Of these persons arrested 12,402 were males, and 6,768 were females; 608 lost children have been restored to their parents; 17,929 destitute persons have been furnished with shelter.

At a recent sale of coins in New York the following rare ones were sold. A half-dollar of 1794, now very scarce, was sold at \$40—about \$10 higher than at any previous auction. A splendid proof-piece of the flying eagle dollar of 1859 was purchased at \$35. Proof sets of 1857 and 1858 were sold respectively at \$15 and \$13. A cent of 1793, but little circulated, \$5 12; a "wreath" cent, with the inscription, "one hundred for a dollar," round the rim, \$6 75; a fillet-head cent of 1790, in good preservation, \$5 25; a cent of 1798, in poor condition, \$15 and \$25.

A retired medical practitioner writes to the Times stating that a paint composed of chalk, linseed oil and vinegar, applied to burns and scalds has, during a forty years' test, proved the best remedy, both as to relief from pain and effecting a speedy cure.

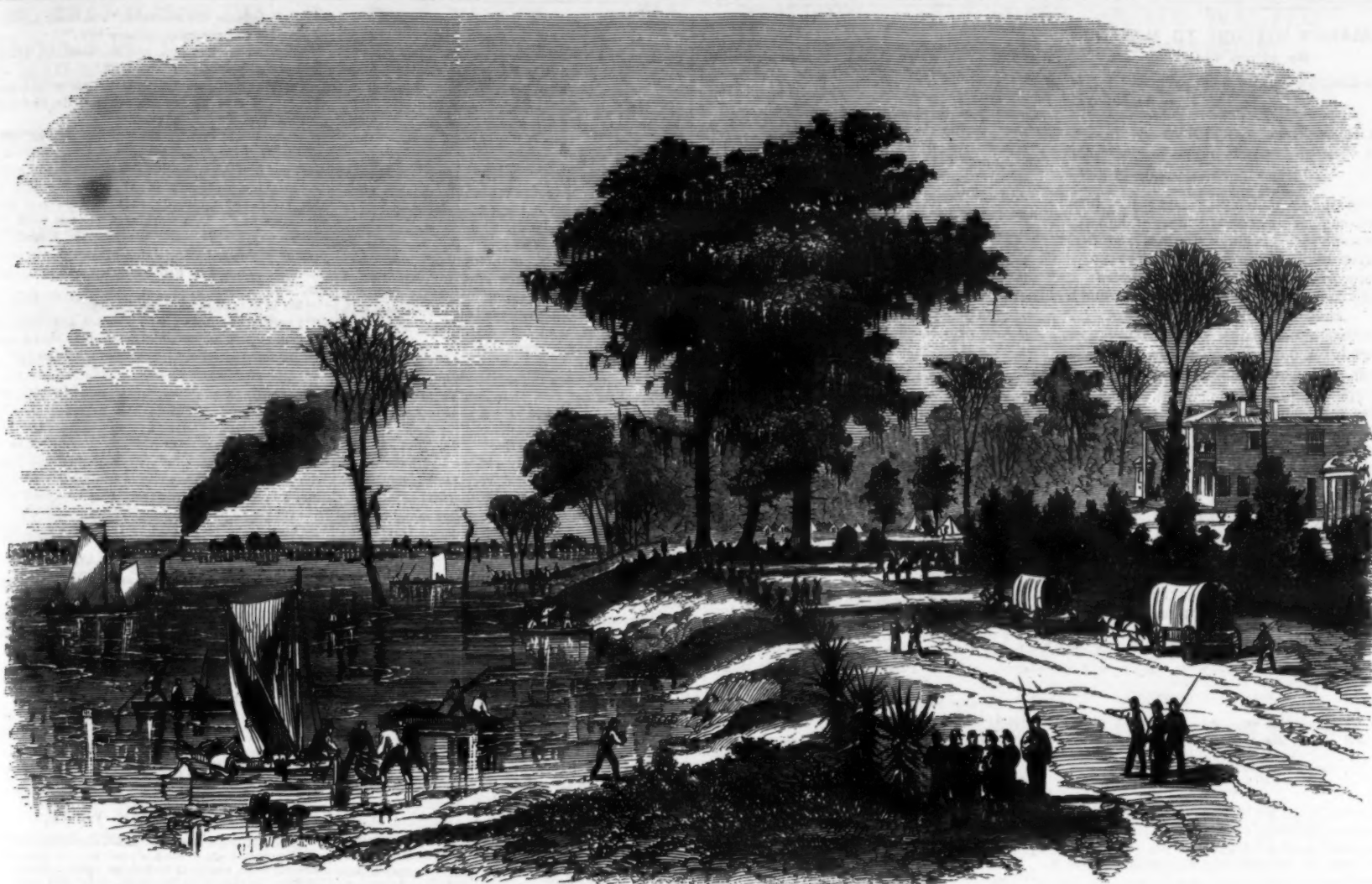
It is confidently stated that Gov. Gamble, of Missouri, after consultation with prominent members of the Legislature and other citizens of the State, has decided to call the State Convention together, and submit the question of emancipation to it. Gov. Gamble, Lieut.-Gov. Hall, Hon. Wm. A. Hall and other prominent men, heretofore opponents of emancipation, have lately given in their adhesion to the movement, and declared their willingness to vote for an ordinance to effect it.





THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK AND THE ROYAL CORTEGE PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, ON THE WAY TO WINDSOR, SATURDAY, MARCH 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—SEE PAGE 34.





LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. M'PHERSON, AND THE UNION DIVISION UNDER HIS COMMAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR "SPECIAL ARTIST, HENRI LOVIE.—SEE PAGE 34.

## FAIR AND SQUARE.

I LAUGH not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
I brook that is another's bane;  
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear, my chief defence;  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die—  
Would all did so as well as I.

[We this week commence the admirable romance of "Eleanor's Victory," written by the most popular of modern authors. It will be found to be her best, as well as her latest.]

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.—GOING HOME.

THE craggy cliffs upon the Norman coast looked something like the terraced walls and turreted roofs of a ruined city in the hot afternoon sunshine, as the Empress steamer sped swiftly onward towards Dieppe. At least they looked thus in the eyes of a very young lady, who stood alone on the deck of the steam packet, with yearning eyes fixed upon that foreign shore.

It was four o'clock upon a burning August afternoon in the year 1853. The steamer was fast approaching the harbor. Several moustachioed gentlemen, of various ages, costumes and manners, were busy getting together carpet-bags, railway-rugs, camp-stools, newspapers and umbrellas, preparatory to that eager rush towards the shore by which almost all marine voyagers are apt to testify their contempt for Neptune, when they have no longer need of his service or fear of his vengeance. Two or three English families were collected in groups, holding guard over small mounds or barrows of luggage, having made all preparation for landing at first sight of the Norman shore dim in the distance, and of course about two hours too soon.

Several blooming young English damsels, gathered under maternal wings, were looking forward to sea-bathing in a foreign watering-place. The Etablissement des Bains had not yet been built, and Dieppe was not so popular, perhaps, among English pleasure-seekers as it now is. There were several comfortable-looking British families on board the steamer, but of all the friendly matrons and pretty daughters assembled on the deck, there seemed no one in any way connected with that lonely young lady who leant against the bulwark, with a cloak across her arm and a rather shabby carpet-bag at her feet.

She was very young—indeed of that age which in the other sex is generally called the period of hobbledohood. There was more ankle to be seen below the hem of her neat muslin frock than is quite consistent with elegance of attire in a

young lady of fifteen; but as the ankle so revealed was rounded and slender, it would have been hypercritical to have objected to the shortness of the skirt, which had evidently been outgrown by its wearer.

Then, again, this lonely traveller was not only young but pretty. In spite of the shortness of her frock, and the shabbiness of her straw bonnet, it was impossible for the most spiteful of the British misses to affirm the contrary. She was very pretty—so pretty that it was a pleasure to look at her, in her unconscious innocence, and to think how beautiful she would be by-and-by, when that bright, budding, girlish loveliness bloomed out in its womanly splendor.

Her skin was fair but pale—not a sentimental

or sickly palor, but a beautiful alabaster clearness of tint. Her eyes were gray, large and dark, or rendered dark by the shadow of long black lashes. I would rather not catalogue her other features too minutely; for, though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft golden brown, bright and rippling like a sunlit river. The brightness of that luxuriant hair, the light in her gray eyes, and the vivacity of a very beautiful smile, made her face seem almost luminous as she looked at you. It was difficult to imagine that she could ever look unhappy. She seemed an animated, radiant and exuberant creature, who made an atmosphere of brightness and happiness about her. Other girls

of her age would have crept to a corner of the deck perhaps, to hide their loneliness, or would have elung to the outer fringe of one of the family groups, making believe not to be alone; but this young lady had taken her stand boldly against the bulwark, choosing the position from which she might soonest hope to see Dieppe harbor, and apparently quite indifferent to observation, though many a furtive glance was cast towards the tall but girlish figure and the handsome profile so sharply defined against a blue background of summer sky.

But there was nothing unfeminine in all this; nothing bold or defiant; it was only the innocent unconsciousness of a light-hearted girl, ignorant of any perils which could assail her loneliness, and fearless in her ignorance. Throughout the brief sea-voyage she had displayed no symptoms of shyness or perplexity. She had suffered none of the tortures common to many travellers in their marine experiences. She had not been seasick; and indeed she did not look like a person who could be subject to any of the common ills this weak flesh inherits. You could almost as easily have pictured to yourself the Goddess Hygieia suffering from a bilious headache, or Hebe laid up with the influenza, as his auburn-haired, gray-eyed young lady under any phase of mortal suffering. Eyes, dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness, had looked almost spitefully towards this happy, radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips, blue with suffering, had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young schoolgirl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, the hideous bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag.

She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet-work, whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby, faded flowers, sheltered by a great fan-like shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling bottle, which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being a fresh and bright from first to last as the sea breezes themselves, and as little subject to any marine malady as the Lurians whose waving locks could scarcely have been brighter than her own.

I think, if the feminine voyagers on board the Empress were cruel to this solitary young traveller in not making themselves friendly with her in her loneliness, the unkindness must be put down very much to that unchristian frame of mind in which people who are seasick are apt to regard those who are not. This bouncing, bright-faced girl seemed to have little need of kindness from the miserable sufferers around her; so she was left to wander about the deck, now reading three pages of her novel, now doing half-a-dozen stitches of her work, now talking to the man at the wheel in spite of all injunctions to the contrary, now making herself acquainted with stray pet dogs; always contented, always happy, and no one troubled themselves about her.

It was only now, when they were nearing Dieppe, that one of the passengers, an elderly, gray-headed Englishman, spoke to her.

(Continued on page 42.)



Eleanor on the Dieppe Steamer.



# ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

By Alfred Tennyson.

SEA-KING'S daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!  
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossom under her feet!  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!  
Make music, oh, bird, in the new-budded  
bowers!  
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
Warble, oh, bugle, and trumpet blare!  
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!  
Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,  
Alexandra!

Sea-King's daughter as happy as fair,  
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
Bride of the heir of the Kings of the sea,  
Oh, joy to the people, and joy to the throne,  
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;  
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,  
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

LIONEL could not let the evening go over without speaking of the great secret. When he and Sir Henry were left together in the dining-room, he sought the opportunity. It was afforded by a remark of Sir Henry's.

"After our sojourn in London shall be over, I must look out for a residence, and settle down. Perhaps I shall purchase one. But I must first of all ascertain what locality would be agreeable to Lucy."

"Sir Henry," said Lionel, in a low tone, "Lucy's future residence is fixed upon—if you will accord your permission."

Sir Henry Tempest, who was in the act of raising his wine-glass to his lips, set it down again and looked at Lionel.

"I want her at Verner's Pride."

It appeared that Sir Henry could not understand—did not take in the meaning of the words.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I have loved her for years," answered Lionel, the scarlet spot of emotion rising to his cheeks. "We—we have known each other's sentiments for a long while. But I did not intend to speak more openly to Lucy until I had seen you. To-day, however, in the sudden excitement of hearing of her contemplated departure, I betrayed myself. Will you give her to me, Sir Henry?"

Sir Henry Tempest looked grave.

"It cannot have been so very long an attachment," he observed. "The time since your wife's death can only be counted by months."

"True. But the time since I loved Lucy can be counted by years. I loved her before I married," he added in a low tone.

"Why, then, have married another?" demanded Sir Henry, after a pause.

"You may well ask it, Sir Henry," he replied, the upright line in his brow showing out just then all too deep and plain. "I engaged myself to my first wife in an unguarded moment: as soon as the word was spoken I became aware that she was less dear to me than Lucy. I might have retracted; but the retraction would have left a stain on my honor that could never be effaced. I am not the first man who has paid by years of penitence for a word spoken in the heat of passion."

True enough! Sir Henry simply nodded his head in answer.

"Yes, I loved Lucy; I married another, loving her; I never ceased loving her all throughout my married life. And I had to beat down my feelings, to suppress and hide them in the best manner that I could."

"And Lucy?" involuntarily uttered Sir Henry.

"Lucy—may I dare to say it to you?—loved me," he answered, his breath coming fast. "I believe from my very heart that she loved me in that early time as deeply perhaps as I loved her. I have never exchanged a word with her upon the point; but I cannot conceal from myself that it was the unhappy fact."

"Did you know it at the time?"

"No!" he answered, raising his hand to his brow, on which the drops were gathering. "I did not suspect it until it was too late, until I was married. She was so childlike."

Sir Henry Tempest sat in silence, probably revolving the information.

"If you had known it—what then?"

"Do not ask me," replied Lionel, his bewailing tone strangely full of pain. "I cannot tell what I should have done. It would have been Lucy—love—versus honor. And a Verner never sacrificed honor yet. And yet—it seems to me that I sacrificed honor in the course I took. Let the question rest, Sir Henry. It is a time I cannot bear to recur to."

"I will deal candidly with you," said Sir Henry. In the old days it was a favorite project of mine and your father's that our families should become

connected by the union of our children—you and Lucy. We only spoke of it to each other, saying nothing to our wives; they might have set to work, women fashion, and urged it on by plotting and planning: we were content to let events take their course, and to welcome the fruition, should it come. Nearly the last words Sir Lionel said to me when he was dying of his wound were that he should not live to see the marriage, but he hoped I might. Years afterwards, when Lucy was placed with Lady Verner—I knew no other friend in Europe to whom I would entrust her—her letters to me were filled with Lionel Verner. 'Lionel was so kind to her.' 'Everybody liked Lionel.' In one shape or other you were sure to be the theme. I heard how you lost the estate; of your coming to stay at Lady Verner's; of a long illness you had there; of your regaining the estate through the death of the Massingbirds; and—next—of your marriage to Frederick Massingbird's widow. From that time Lucy said less; in fact, her letters were nearly silent as to you; and, for myself, I never gave another thought to the subject. Your present communication has taken me entirely by surprise."

"But you will give her to me?"

"You tell me that her heart is engaged in this, as well as yours?" resumed Sir Henry.

"Yes," he answered, "her heart is bound up in me; I may almost say her life. If ever love served out its apprenticeship, Sir Henry, ours has. It is stronger than time and change."

"Well—I suppose you must have her," conceded Sir Henry. "But for your own marriage, I should have looked on this as a natural result. What about the revenues of Verner's Pride?"

"I am in debt," freely acknowledged Lionel. "In my wife's time we spent too much, and out-ran our means. Part of my income for three or four years must be set apart to pay it off."

"Whoever takes Lucy takes thirty thousand pounds on her wedding-day," quietly remarked Sir Henry Tempest.

The words quite startled Lionel. "Thirty thousand pounds!" he repeated mechanically.

"Thirty thousand pounds. Did you think I should waste all my best years in India, Lionel, and save up nothing for my only child?"

"I never thought about it," was Lionel's answer.

"Or, if I ever did think, I suppose I judged by my father. He saved no money."

"He had not the opportunity that I have had; and he died early. The appointment I held out there has been a lucrative one. That will be the amount of Lucy's fortune."

"I am glad I did not know it!" heartily affirmed Lionel.

"It might have made the winning her more difficult, I suppose you think?"

"Not the winning her," was Lionel's answer, the self-conscious smile again on his lips. "The winning your consent, Sir Henry."

"It has not been so hard a task, either," quaintly remarked Sir Henry, as he rose. "I am giving her to you, understand, for your father's sake. In the trust that you are the same honorably good man, standing well before the world and Heaven, that he was. Unless your looks belie you, you are not degenerate."

Lionel stood before him almost too agitated to speak. Sir Henry stopped him, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"No thanks, Lionel. Gratitude! You can pay that to Lucy after she shall be your wife."

They went together into the drawing-room, arm-in-arm. Sir Henry advanced straight to his daughter.

"What am I to say to you, Lucy? He has been talking secrets."

She looked up like a startled fawn. But a glimpse at Lionel's face reassured her, bringing the roses into her cheeks. Lady Verner, wondering, gazed at them in amazement, and Lucy hid her hot cheeks on her father's breast.

We have had many fine days in this history, but never a finer one gladdened Deerham than the last that has to be recorded, ere its scene in these pages shall close. It was one of those rare lovely days that now and then do come to us in autumn. The air was clear, the sky bright, the sun hot as in summer, the grass green almost as in spring. It was evidently a day of rejoicing. Deerham, since the afternoon, seemed to be taking a holiday, and as the sun began to get lower in the heavens, groups in their best attire were wending their way towards Verner's Pride.

There was the centre of attraction. A fête—or whatever you might please to call it, where a great deal of feasting is going on—was about to be held on no mean scale. Innumerable tables, some large, some small, were set out in different parts of the grounds, their white cloths intimating that they were to be laden with good cheer. Tynn and his satellites bustled about, and believed they had never had such a day of work before.

A day of pleasure also, unexampled in their lives, for their master, Lionel Verner, was about to bring home his bride.

This was to be Master Cheese's last appearance on any scene—so far as Deerham was concerned. The following day he would quit Jan for good; and that gentleman's new assistant, a qualified practitioner, had arrived, and was present. Somewhat different arrangements from what had been originally contemplated were about to be entered on as regarded Jan. The Miss Wests had found their school prosper so well during the half year it had been established, that they were desirous of taking the house entirely on their own hands. They commanded the goodwill and respect of Deerham if their father did not. Possibly it was because he did not, and that their position was sympathized with and commiserated, that their scheme of doing something to place themselves independent of him obtained so large a share of patronage. Easy Jan acquiesced; Lionel thought it the best thing in the

ways; and Jan began to look out for another home. But Jan seemed to waver in the fixing upon one. First, he had thought of lodgings; next he went to see a small, pretty new house that had just been built close to the Miss Wests. "It is too small for you, Mr. Jan," had observed Miss Deborah. "It will hold me and my assistant, and the boy, and a cook, and the surgery," answered Jan. "And that's all I want."

Neither the lodgings however, nor the small house had been taken; and now it was rumored that Jan's plans were changed again. The report was that the surgery was to remain where it was, and that the assistant, a gentleman of rather mature age, would remain with it, occupying Jan's bedroom—which had been renovated after the explosion of Master Cheese—and taking his meals with the Miss Wests. Jan meanwhile had been about that tasty mansion called Belvedere House, which was situated midway between his old residence and Deerham Court. Deerham's curiosity was uncommonly excited upon the point. What in the name of improbability could please Jan Verner with a fine place like that? He'd have to keep five or six servants, if he went there. The most feasible surmise that could be arrived at was, that Jan was about to establish a madhouse—as Deerham was in the habit of phrasing a receptacle for insane patients—of the private, genteel order.

Lionel and his bride were expected momentarily, and the company of all grades formed themselves into groups as they awaited them. They had been married in London some ten days ago, where Sir Henry Tempest had remained after quitting Deerham with Lucy. Sir Henry was now on a visit to Sir Edmund Hautley and Decima; he was looking out for a suitable residence in the neighborhood, where he meant to settle. This gathering at Verner's Pride to welcome Lionel had been a thought of Sir Henry's and old Mr. Bitterworth's. "Why not give the poor an afternoon's holiday for once?" cried Sir Henry. "I will repay them the wages they must lose in taking it." And so—here was the gathering, and Tynn had carried out his orders for the supply of plenty to eat and drink.

They formed in groups, listening for the return of the carriage which had gone in state to the railway station to receive them. All save Master Cheese. He walked about somewhat disconsolately, thinking the proceedings rather slow. In his wanderings he came upon Tynn placing good things upon one of the tables which was laid in an alcove.

It was turning slowly into the grounds—the blue and silver carriage of the Verners, its four horses prancing under their studded harness. Lionel and his wife of a few days descended from it, when they found themselves in the midst of this unexpected crowd. They had cause, those serfs, to shout out a welcome to their lord; for never again would they live in a degrading position if he could help it. The various improvements for their welfare, which he had so persistently and hopefully planned, were not only begun, but nearly ended.

Sir Henry clasped Lucy's sweet face to his own bronzed one, pushing back her white bonnet to take his kiss from it. Then followed Lady Verner, then Decima, then Mary Elmsley. Lucy shook herself free, and laughed.

"I don't like so many kisses all at once," said she.

Lionel was everywhere. Shaking hands with old Mr. Bitterworth, with the Miss Wests, with Sir Edmund Hautley, with Lord Garle, with the Countess of Elmsley, with all that came in his way. Next he looked round upon a poorer class; and the first hand taken in his was Robin Frost's. By-and-bye he encountered Jan.

"Jan, I feel truly glad at the news sent to us a day or two ago!" he exclaimed—"pressing his brother's arm. 'I always feared you would not marry. I never thought you would marry one so desirable as Mary Elmsley.'"

"I don't think I'd have had anybody else," answered Jan. "I like her—always did like her, and if she has taken a fancy to me, and doesn't mind putting up with a husband that's called out at all hours, why—it's all right."

"You will not give up your profession, Jan?"

"Give up my profession?" asked Jan, in surprise, staring with all his eyes at Lionel. "What should I do that for?"

"When Mary shall be Lady Mary Verner, she may be for wishing it."

"No, she won't," answered Jan. "She knows her wishing it would be of no use. She marries my profession as much as she marries me. It is all settled. Lord Elmsley makes it a point that I take my degree, and I don't mind doing that to please him. I shall be a hardworking doctor always, and Mary knows it."

"Have you taken Belvedere House?"

"I intend to take it. Mary likes it, and I can afford it, with her income joined to mine. If she is a lady, she's not a fine one," added Jan, "and I shall be just as quiet and comfortable as I have been in the old place. She says she'll see to the housekeeping and to my shirts, and—"

Jan stepped. They had come up with Lady Verner and Lady Mary Elmsley. Lionel spoke laughingly.

"So Jan is appreciated at last!"

Lady Verner lifted her hands with a deprecatory movement.

"It took me three whole days before I would believe it," she gravely said. "Even now, there are times when I think Mary must be playing with him."

Lady Mary shook her head with a blush and a smile. Lionel took her on his arm, and walked away with her.

"You cannot think how happy it has made me and Lucy. We never thought Jan was, or could be, appreciated."

"He was, by me. He is worth—shall I tell it you, Lionel—more than all the rest of Deerham put together—yourself included."

"I will indorse the assertion," answered Lionel. "I am glad you are going to have him."

"I would have had him, had he asked me, years ago," candidly avowed Lady Mary.

"I was inquiring of Jan whether you would not want him to give up his profession. He was half-offended with me for suggesting it."

"If Jan could ever be the one to lead an idle, useless life, I think half my love for him would die out," was her warm answer. "It was Jan's practical industry, his way of always doing the right in straightforward simplicity, that I believe first won me to like him. This world was made to work in, and the next for rest—as I look upon it, Lionel. I shall be prouder of being Jan Verner the surgeon's wife than I should be had I married a duke's eldest son."

"He is to take his degree, he says."

"I believe so; but he will practice generally all the same—just as he does now. Not that I care that he should become Dr. Verner; it is papa."

The sun had sunk in the west when Verner's Pride was left in quiet; the gratified feasters, Master Cheese included, having wended their way home. Lionel was with his wife at the window of her dressing-room, where he had formerly stood with Sibylla. The rosy hue of the sky played upon Lucy's face. Lionel watched it as he stood with his arm round her. Lifting her eyes suddenly, she saw how grave he looked, as they were bent upon her.

"What are you thinking of, Lionel?"

"Of you, my darling. Standing with you here in our own home, feeling that you are mine at last; that nothing save the hand of death can part us, I can scarcely yet believe in my great happiness."

Lucy raised her hand, and drew his face down to hers.

"I can," she whispered. "It is very real."

"Ay, yes! it is real," he said, his tone one of almost painful intensity. "God be thanked! But we waited. Lucy, how we waited for it!"

THE END.

## DRESSING WITH TASTE.

It is strange that, with all the time American women bestow upon dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be well dressed means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewellery, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place and circumstances, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and yet in either if it is adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well dressed.

Where household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat dress fitted gracefully to the figure is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a would-be lady performing household offices, or of not the most refined character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled and dragged open wrapper. One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress appropriately, no other to be careful of the details, the minutiae of the toilette.

Thorough personal cleanliness, glossy, well-brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, are as essential to good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters can hardly ever be said to be ill-dressed, as this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the good taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be.

Some persons have an extreme horror of being "caught," as they call it, in a morning dress. Why they should be so sensitive on this point it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing it; and above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family which is not good enough for more acquaintances, who may chance to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught in a plain morning dress than to be caught very much overdressed, as some unlucky individuals are at a small evening party. In no case there is real cause for mortification, in the other there is none. Mothers should carefully press this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost an eligible match through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the sister of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her boucées than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliancy of her head-dress than the condition of her hair.

LACE.—The Brussels manufacture requires to be made in dark, damp cellars. One sees the poor, shaw girls emerge at dusk, with fevered hands, flushed cheeks and hectic cough, into the cutting winds of the Brussels streets, having earned a franc and a half a day, with some feeling of remorse to think that youth and life should be sacrificed to the mere manufacture of a luxury. Perhaps one of the reasons which makes Brussels lace so expensive is, that apart from the material and the time, it costs yearly no small amount of human life. Hontons, a town so like Brussels as scarcely to be distinguished from it, is made in England—in Devonshire originally, of course at the village from which it takes its name; but since it has been so extensively in demand, almost all the towns of Devonshire have produced it. England, too, produces its Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire lace; which has a certain value, is durable and pretty, but not paid at all in proportion to the time and trouble it takes in making. The process of making lace is not generally known. It is briefly this: A large cushion stuffed with straw—or rather bluster, for it has that form—is carefully covered with a lean linen cloth; on this the pattern meant to be made is placed, picked on a parchment, then by means of pins, bobbins, or long spoons having fine thread on them, are attached, and the lace-maker begins her operations—working with these bobbins, and putting a pin in at every stitch, which forms the ground-work of the lace. A good lace-maker in England, working from 10 to 12 hours, may make a on four pence per day. Besides these, which are real laces, England has produced from her looms of Nottinghamshire imitations of every kind of lace ever made—all in great perfection, and so cheap as to have done great injury to the real article—oldity having been the only quality the loom could not imitate. Ireland, too, has produced her Limerick lace, which is not, embroidered with flowers—a most elegant texture, and which for fineness, until it is washed, produces the effect of Brussels lace. Lace dresses of the Limerick texture are much worn in England. They are very beautiful; and, but for the idea (and how much there is in an idea, fashion only knows), look full as well as Brussels.

A BOOZY fellow was observed the other day driving a pig, holding on to its tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying geohgraphy.



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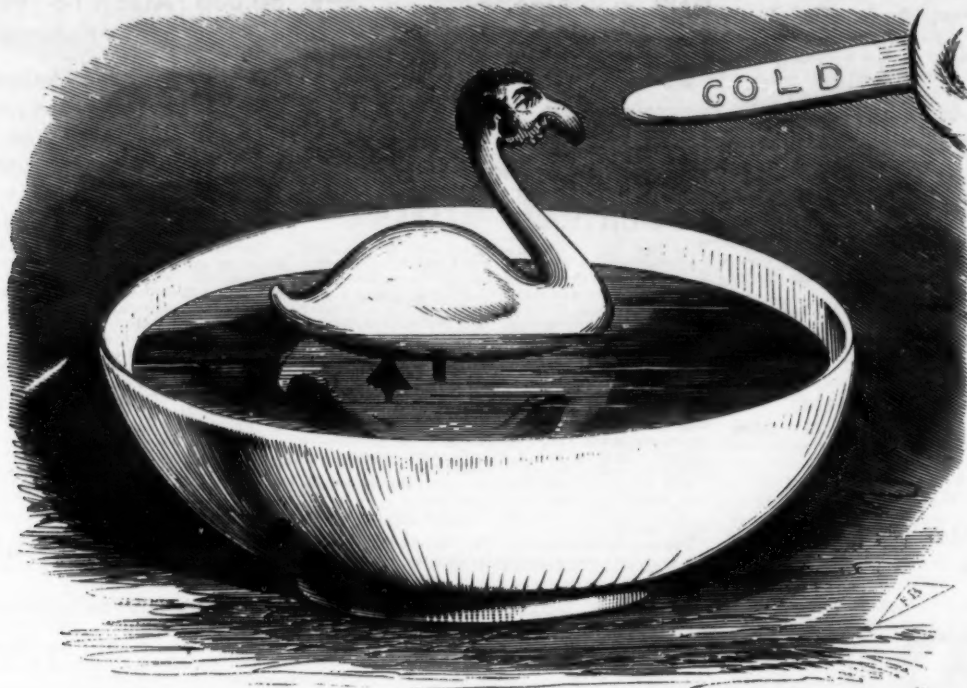
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Page 45.

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